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OUR POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

THERE are certain homely but very pertinent questions which it is good that we should ask ourselves from time to time, and which the opening of a new year suggests as peculiarly appropriate: Where are we? What have we done? What do we mean to do next? Before these pages meet the eyes of our readers, numbers of them will certainly have reviewed the past, and cast their glances forward into the coming year, in order to fix their position, to ascertain their progress, to note the perils they have either avoided or overcome, and to cast about for the best means of defence which they can provide against the dangers that may seem to beset their onward path. What each of us has just done for his private good, let us now endeavour to do for the general. We cannot, indeed, strike the balance of history with the precision of a merchant or householder overhauling a debtor-and-creditor account. We may proceed by analogy, but we must adapt ourselves to our subject-matter. The life of a nation is a chain of events, like the life of an individual; but its links are proportionably wider, and its structure more complex. If, then, in connecting the incidents of our own life, and examining the tendency of our own actions, we are perpetually mistaken, we may well express our diffidence on venturing into the field of contemporaneous history. For a far wider range of observation we are compelled to use less trustworthy instruments; and while we only aim at an approximation to the truth, we are compelled to make a large deduction for error at each step of the inquiry. The recent history, however, of Catholicism in England certainly offers unusual facilities for review. It has written itself in large characters upon the minds of all. The leading facts are of a notoriety which precludes the possibility of dispute. Moreover, in all probability, we shall never have a fairer oppor-

tunity for retrospective gratulation. It is a proceeding too apt to engender a boastful and vainglorious frame of mind, which, besides being wrong in itself, is usually productive of the most fatal consequences in the false feeling of security which it engenders. But the Catholics of England are preserved from this danger. The intoxicating qualities of their cup of triumph are neutralised by many a sobering ingredient. They may safely review the past and rejoice in the good it has brought them, because the result has been too disproportioned to their own power and exertions to allow of their attributing it to any counsels but those of Divine Wisdom. The faintest effort of memory will recall too many instances of error, defection, and timidity, to permit the spirit of thankfulness to degenerate into that of pride; whilst, on the other hand, the dangers and difficulties which beset us are far too numerous and pressing to allow of our resting on our oars and dreaming that we have reached the haven at last.

The whole question of Catholic progress naturally divides itself into two parts, and the old distinction between temporals and spirituals is the most convenient for our purpose. Under the head of temporal progress we include the status of Catholics in public opinion both as individuals and as a body, their civil rights and liberties, their relations with the state and with their fellow-citizens; and under the head of spiritual progress we include the extension of Catholicity in the country, the increase of churches, schools, and religious houses, and the growth of moral, devotional, and Catholic life among the members of the faith themselves. We will speak first of the spiritual progress, and then of the temporal.

The statistics of the English Catholics are, to the last degree meagre and unsatisfactory. Considering the facilities which we possess, we think it is somewhat surprising that so little should have been done in this direction. In the decennial census compiled by the Government all distinctions of religion are ignored; but we wonder that so little authentic information should be generally accessible from other sources exclusively Catholic. The number of baptisms, confirmations, marriages, and burials, continued through any series of years, would be an interesting study. Separate records of these facts exist, we imagine, in the hands of the clergy; but we are not aware that any attempt has yet been made to collect and publish the totals. If, according to what seems to us a very excellent suggestion that has lately been made,* the Catholic Directory should ever be withdrawn from the private enter-

* By some priest writing anonymously to the *Catholic Standard* a few weeks ago.

prise of individuals, and published under the immediate superintendence of our ecclesiastical superiors and for the benefit of some Catholic charity, perhaps it might not be found impracticable to add this very interesting intelligence. After all, however, mere numerical increase is the least important item to be taken account of in any estimate of the recent growth of Catholicism in this country. An increase in the number of the clergy, whether religious or secular, of churches, of religious houses, and of schools, is of course a real and undoubted gain; but any considerable increase of numbers on the part of the laity, without a corresponding increase in these particulars, would be rather a cause of uneasiness, and perhaps of serious mischief. How, then, does our account stand in these matters, as far as the statistics within our reach will enable us to speak with accuracy? The following figures are taken from the old numbers of the Catholic Directory, beginning with the year of our emancipation, 1829:

Year.	Priests in Great Britain.	Chapels in Great Britain.	Religious Houses.	
			Men.	Women.
1829	477	449	—	—
1835	490	458	—	—
1839	610	513	—	17
1840	615	522	—	20
1841	642	540	—	20
1845	757	582	3	31
1846	776	602	6	34
1847	818	622	8	34
1848	806*	630	11	38
1849	897	672	13	41
1851	972	694	17	53
1852	1,032	708	17	62
1853	1,032†	781	17	75

It appears that the increase from 1845 to 1853, a period of eight years, is more than equal to the increase during the sixteen years between 1829 and 1845.

But even these returns are only a faint indication of the real change that has taken place. We cannot, indeed, appeal to figures, but we can appeal to the senses and to the memory of our readers. What are the increased numbers of our clergy or our churches compared to the increased demand upon their labours, and the increased frequentation of the sacraments by

* During the year 1817 twenty-four priests and one bishop died of typhus-fever, causing the decrease for the year 1848.

† The *Catholic Directory*, being published earlier this year than usual, does not contain the result of the latest ordinations.

their flocks? Who can think without astonishment upon the vast increase of public devotions and church-services, of confraternities and pious associations, of a demand for books of prayer and meditation, which we have witnessed in the last twelve or fifteen years? Who can estimate the change that has been wrought by spiritual retreats preached to the congregations of large towns? We witnessed the first of them but a few years ago; we have already learned to look for their return as an ordinary feature of the penitential seasons. No doubt the improvement that has taken place is small compared with that which may yet remain to be effected. No doubt that the work has been but begun; and indeed we must remember, that, as it is a work requiring the continuance of Divine grace and of human co-operation, it is in truth ever beginning afresh, and we must ever hope and fear and strive and pray, lest "that which we seem to have" may be withdrawn. The spiritual destitution of thousands of our poorer brethren in the faith is appalling; the losses from the fold among the young by the want of schools, the neglect of parents, and the efforts of proselytism, are immense; but it must be borne in mind that in this branch of our subject we are not speaking of human agency; we are not inquiring now what we English Catholics have done, but what God has done for us; and with no irreverential scrutiny into the ways of Providence, we are arguing from what we see around us, that the hand of God has been stretched out to help us, that He has visited us in His mercy, and that having begun the work in His bounty, He will complete it, if only His grace be not slighted. And if what has been said wanted any confirmation, we would adduce one more reason for this hope, one more ground for this conviction, in the increased devotion of English Catholics towards His Blessed Mother. Not indeed that there ever was a time in England in which Mary was not loved and honoured by the best and holiest of the nation, nor that the time will ever be when her servants will acknowledge that the utmost homage they have paid to her is more than an inadequate expression of the inward feelings of their hearts; but who could have foreseen some twenty years ago that the devotion to our Blessed Lady would have extended and intensified itself in the Catholic community of this country in the way and to the degree that we have lived to witness? Who, for instance, that recollects the day when, from deference to Protestants, the Litany of Loretto was omitted from new editions of prayer-books, but must wonder at the present frequency, publicity, and universality of her invocation? When the "Catholic Dissenters" deposited their "Protestation" in the

British Museum, who would have believed that at the time when we are writing, the statue of Mary would be found in so many of our churches, her image in every chamber, her name on every lip, her throne in every heart?

But let us turn now to that branch of our subject which concerns us most in our capacity of public journalists, and let us inquire whether we shall be justified in using the same language of congratulation on a review of the *temporal* position of our Catholic countrymen. Without any misgivings, we make answer in the affirmative. We do not dissemble the dangers that threaten us, though we might maintain that as they arise from causes over which we have no control, the only question in their regard is, whether we have gained or lost strength for the purposes of self-defence; but we shall not confine ourselves to this view. Our conception of the part assigned to the Catholics of England forbids us to measure their position by so low a standard.

In endeavouring to estimate and account for the feelings and conduct of our Protestant countrymen towards us, both as regards the past and the future, we are constantly referred back to two leading principles which will scarcely ever fail us—their hatred of our religion, and their anger and alarm at its spread. In these feelings we have the key to the history of the last two years, and to the whole story of the so-called Papal aggression. To estimate at their true value the results of the restoration of the hierarchy, let us view it in the light in which it appeared to our adversaries. A step was taken which offended them, and they said the offence was aggravated by the manner adopted. But, in fact, what added a provoking stimulus to their wrath was that they had no reason to be offended, and had engaged in a quarrel in which they were wholly wrong. It was this, and this only, that gave the hierarchy the character of “insidiousness” so much commented on at the time, if indeed those who first made use of that term had any real meaning in it at all. It can only have been this, we say,—that it was discovered that an undoubted step in advance had been taken by the Catholics of England, whilst yet no right had been infringed by it, no law had been broken, and no remedy existed within legal or constitutional limits. If they blindly persisted in entering on a hopeless struggle, they received ample warning of the consequences; if they now feel mortified at their stultification, their pangs are increased by the reflection that they might have escaped disgrace by listening to the advice of their enemies. But reason yielded to passion, and passion unrestrained is madness. Then ensued that scene never to be forgotten

by those whose circumstances secured them the opportunity of calmly observing a great nation in a fit of temporary insanity; the manhood of England gone forth to beat the air; the masters of the world wailing like whipped children, and scolding like old wives; bishops and ministers of state racking the dictionaries for offensive epithets; barristers, attorneys, physicians, and artists assuming a corporate capacity to proclaim, in the words of a witty writer, "that the Pope had been making faces at them." The nation had drunk of the cup of enchantment, and verily it had changed them into beasts. No class was exempted from the doom; from the chancellor stamping on the hat, and the chief-justice wishing he could try the Pope, to the elderly gentleman paying children to break priests' windows, and the butcher's boy chalking "No Popery" upon the walls. From all quarters, from town and county meetings, from corporations, parish vestries, and universities came forth one cry, "We will not have this hierarchy: it is an insult to us, and we will not suffer it to be." We need only turn to the public journals of the day to see how clear, how simple, and how definite was the issue. The letters of our bishops, the writings of our apologists, were met by the peremptory answer, "Your pleadings are in vain, your arguments are thrown away. The fiat has gone forth, and it must be obeyed." We were told that the whole nation was arrayed against us; that the national will had been expressed with more strength and unanimity than on any occasion within the memory of man; that the crown, the nobility, the prelacy, the clergy, the municipalities, and the populace, all sects, all trades, and all professions, had resolved that on this single point our will should yield to theirs. The oracle of the press proclaimed the sentence, and invoked the omnipotence of parliament to give it the sanction of law. It is indeed the fact. Such was the infatuation of the time, so over-confident in present strength, so blind to future ignominy were the prophets of that day, that our weakness and incapability of resistance was actually their favourite topic. How the stump-orators of the counties, and the able editors of the *Times*, scoffed at the absurdity of any attempt at resistance! How they derided the impotence of an "Italian priest, kept on his throne by foreign bayonets!" How they pitied "the miserable slaves of an abject superstition," who had incautiously awakened the wrath of the British lion! How they loved to paint us panic-stricken and trembling, deploring the rashness of our spiritual guides, and more inclined to break for ever with our Church than to abide the consuming fire of Protestant resentment!

And what, during this time, was the conduct of Catholics?

When their explanations and arguments and remonstrances were rejected, what course was open but that of simple defiance? They told the nation openly, "This hierarchy, which offends you, pleases us. Against you who have no right to interfere with it, we whom it concerns will defend it. Our duty and our will are united in its favour. Both our religion and our honour forbid that we should yield an inch." And if never quarrel was more definite, so surely was never victory more decisive. Two years have elapsed since then, and the hierarchy lives and flourishes. The enemy has exhausted his ammunition, and has fairly abandoned the field. Not only has the hierarchy been established and completed, not only does each bishop "continue to govern the counties committed to his care as ordinary thereof," but the collective strength of the hierarchy has been exerted. Twelve chapters, under their several provosts, have been constituted. A national council has been held. The appalling phantom of "synodical action" has become a dread reality, and "Popish bishops" have "made laws within the realm."

We have been compelled, in considering our relations with Protestants, to take a Protestant view of the question. To ourselves, of course, it was never doubtful that the battle was not between us and them, and that in their delusion on this point lay the cause of their discomfiture. They were attacking an enemy against whom all their power was as nothing. While they deemed that they were assailing an earthly foe, they were wasting their strength upon a divine antagonist. But if we do not claim for ourselves the merit of the triumph won by Divine Providence and the Church of God, yet its fruits are not the less our own; the defeat is not to them less real; and to their minds, which can discern nothing but the human and temporal elements of the conflict, the consciousness of their disgrace is not less humiliating, nor their resentment less profound. However, the agitation has now materially subsided, and things are returning to their ordinary course, so that we are in a position to estimate the results. Among these we must undoubtedly include an increased animosity towards ourselves on the part of thousands who were always our enemies, and whom, while their natures remained unchanged, we could never have expected to reckon as our friends. Undoubtedly, too, the increased violence of the No-Popery party has infected many a weak mind not previously ill-disposed towards us, and induced many a time-serving politician to range himself against us. The late elections presented many instances of candidates who, to obtain support or stave off opposition, gave themselves out as opponents of Maynooth

and zealous enemies of Catholicity, while in their inmost souls they despised themselves for their meanness, and their dupes for their bigotry. Many too, we sincerely believe, have experienced a real change of sentiment. Many a Whig who, till 1851, had believed himself a consistent advocate of Catholic rights, and a true friend to civil and religious liberty, but who at that time, either carried away by excitement, or not daring to sever himself from party ties, or overawed by the wishes of his constituents, suffered himself to be entangled in the meshes of that net from which so few escaped, is now as much our foe as any bigot in the land. The loss of self-respect, the forfeiture of Catholic support, the exposure of the utter hollowness and falsity of all the pledges and professions of his past life in favour of religious liberty, the thought of the punishment incurred—his party ejected from office, himself perhaps from place,—have filled him with rancour and disgust. If men hate those whom they have injured, we must calculate on some accessions from the Whig party to the ultra-Protestant faction.

Again, whatever be our view of the fruits of the agitation, we cannot deny that it has produced much individual suffering, of which we would be the last to speak slightly. Catholic professional men have lost clients, tradesmen have lost customers, servants have lost situations, or been refused when they applied for them. Our chapels have been assailed, our clergy have been insulted; nay to such a depth of brutality has religious rancour sunk the zealots of Protestantism, that even those whom the furies of the guillotine treated with reverence have endured outrage, and Sisters of Mercy have been insulted and struck in the public streets. We have not forgotten one out of the long catalogue of offences by which our adversaries have consummated their degradation in the attempt to satisfy the cravings of their petty spite. Not the act concerning Ecclesiastical Titles, nor the Convent Bill, nor the Mortmain Committee, nor the Maynooth agitation, nor the Derby proclamation, nor the Stockport and the Gravesend riots. All of them are registered and remembered. We fully appreciate the inconveniences of having the law employed against us as an instrument of bigotry. We remember the case of the perjured outcast of Hammersmith, and of the scrofulous orphan of Norwood. Judge, jury, counsel, and secretary of state are all remembered in connexion with the boy whipped for lying at Islington. The jury in the Achilli case are still gibbeted in our recollections; while the chief-justice is embalmed in our memory, both for his striking impartiality on that occasion, as also for his courteous and

dignified demeanour on the momentous question of a sheriff's chaplain in Buckinghamshire. Let the name of Broughton shew that the exhibitions of No-Popery magistrates have not been overlooked, any more than the anile rabidity of the *Herald* or the darker atrocity of the *Times*. But our enumeration is becoming tedious, and our only aim is to evince that in estimating the consequences of the agitation we have had the facts on both sides before our mind. To those, then, who would dwell upon its bad results, we make a present of the countless books, pamphlets, and articles against us with which the press has teemed, from the chaste-minded effusions of our lady-novelists to the dreary dullness of poor doleful *Punch*. But even after allowing full weight to all these topics, ranging as they do from facts of gravest significance to trifles which only serve to shew the direction of the current, we are still ready to maintain that the improvement in our position is so great, and the beneficial results of the No-Popery agitation so many and so vast, that they would have been cheaply purchased even at the price of tenfold greater inconvenience and risk. We have tried to make a fair statement of the facts which militate against this theory, but we find we have only succeeded in accumulating materials for its proof. The inconvenience to individuals has been great, but the gain to our cause has been immense. It has grown in strength by the very efforts made to injure it. It has been a peculiarity of this conflict, that the engineer has been so often hoisted with his own petard, and the sword of the smiter so often turned against himself. In many instances the failure has been so complete and the chastisement so prompt, that a deterring influence of the most salutary kind has been exerted. Has any one forgotten the lesson taught by the Durham letter and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill? Will any minister be eager to imitate the example of Lord John Russell, whilst that victim of his own perfidy sits with his fellow recreants in the Hades of Opposition?

“ Miserrimus

Et magnâ testatur voce per umbras,

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere Divos :”

“ Learn to be honest, and leave Catholics alone.” Will not even bigotry learn something from the Achilli trial? Was the scene in the Queen's Bench the other day calculated to invite a repetition of such a case? Who have been the gainers by that memorable process? Did the fanatics of Exeter Hall who instigated the prosecution, or the unfortunate man who was their tool, or the judge, or the jury, or the audience who achieved that short-lived victory at such a price, feel en-

couraged to similar experiments by the universal outburst of reprobation with which the report of the trial and the verdict was received? It is impossible to overlook the effect which these and similar incidents have produced upon the minds of generous and enlightened men. Thousands of Englishmen have revolted from the excesses into which they saw their countrymen hurried; a positive sympathy for our cause has been excited in many minds previously prejudiced against us. The reaction has been great; and its importance must be measured not so much by the number as by the character, talents, and position of those reacted on. What, again, has been the result of the Convent Bill? It was not for nothing that more than ninety Members of the House of Commons supported the legislation of a Lacy. They thought to injure us; they pilloried themselves. But they did more than this. They roused the indignation of men who then, for the first time, opened their eyes to the disgrace which the No-Popery madness was bringing upon them. We certainly do not underrate the importance of the *Times*, nor can we afford to hold cheap an enemy so fell in purpose, so formidable in strength, and so unscrupulous in the use of its weapons; but we question much if any injury ever inflicted on us by its slanderous invectives has been equal to the service rendered by that leading article upon the Derby proclamation; an article which not one *gentleman* in England could read without a shudder of disgust at the writer, and a feeling of sympathy for the objects of his brutal insults.

But there has been another lesson also taught by these events, of incalculable value to our cause. Men whose prejudices have stifled all generous feeling are not always deaf to the suggestions of self-interest and the warnings of prudence. Will any government for some time to come voluntarily embark on another six months' voyage on the sea of theology? Will the people again endure the waste of time and the postponement of all valuable measures which are the attendants of these interminable discussions? Will the Church of England readily forget one of the incidents of a No-Popery hunt, the danger she runs of being herself torn to pieces by her own dogs? Surely she has learnt by this time that many of them would as soon lap the blood of the panther as of the milk-white hind. We suppose we must admit, upon the evidence of history, that to Protestant perceptions there is something tempting and exhilarating in burning a Popish Mass-house and plundering the dwelling of a priest; but it may be safely asserted, that in addition to the other benefits which the Catholic cause derived from the events at Stockport, was their

effect upon a commercial and property-loving people, who remembered the Gordon riots, and who knew that when their co-religionists commence by firing a chapel, they are not unlikely to end by destroying private houses, breaking open gaols, and plundering the Bank.

If the events of the last two or three years have thus affected Protestants, let us next inquire into their direct working upon ourselves. A common danger binds friends closer; and makes allies of enemies. Under the pressure of attack our intestine divisions have been forgotten. Never at any time were English Catholics more closely united—long may they continue so!—but in any case, that the opportunity is afforded them is a benefit for which they should feel grateful to the No-Popery agitation. But not only have Catholics been united; their union has been effected not by that weakest and most treacherous of bonds, mutual compromise, but rather by all agreeing to act together upon principle and upon the highest principle. Where are now the Whig Catholics, the Cisalpine Catholics, the Catholics of the Emancipation Club? Where are the Catholics who thought that religion and politics should be kept entirely separate in the mind, and that their belief on one subject should not in the least interfere with their conduct on the other? For all practical purposes they are extinct. And in effecting this happy consummation, the events of the last two years have been powerfully instrumental. It is true that many other agents have assisted in the work, and that the late crisis has only completed what without it was in the fair way to be accomplished. Twenty-three years have elapsed since the Emancipation Act. The traditions of our civil degradation are becoming fainter in the mind. The enjoyment of freedom for so long a term has not been without a moral influence upon the oldest men, whilst its effects upon the younger have been proportionably greater. Each year witnesses the advent on the busy stage of life of a fresh host, in whose early recollections the evil days of our fathers have an ever smaller share. A large portion of the population has passed from boyhood into manhood since Kenneth Digby wrote the *Ages of Faith*, and since Frederic Lucas began that career which, whatever may have been its occasional defects, or whatever may be its future goal, has already had a greater effect in bracing and elevating Catholic courage, in teaching Catholics their political rudiments, and in preparing them for that important and independent position in this country which it is their right to claim and their duty to assume, than all care to acknowledge, or we have here space to insist upon.

But the name of Mr. Lucas naturally reminds us of the congratulations due to the Catholic body on another great fruit of Protestant aggression—the formation of an independent Catholic party in the House of Commons. A portion of our representatives have positively resolved to act and vote according to their own previously declared and publicly expressed principles and policy, instead of being marched and countermarched between the House and the lobby at the bidding of a Treasury whip, or the nod of a Whig leader of Opposition. It matters not for our present purpose, whether the predictions of their enemies, or the hopes of their friends, be in the end fulfilled; whether their numbers be reduced on petition, or their strength wasted by discussion. The attempt has been made, and the principle recognised. We see the commencement (it matters not how small nor how remote the fruits) of the realisation of that hope which every truly loyal, truly patriotic, and truly religious Catholic has cherished long—that the time would come when the traditions of Catholic policy, the wisdom of Catholic philosophy, and the dictates of Catholic morality, would obtain a hearing in the great council of the nation, would be brought at least to the *knowledge* of the Legislature, and left to make their own impression. It is a favourite theory with Protestants, that we are an anti-national body, with a sympathy and interest in our country's welfare something less than they attribute to the Jew, and little greater than they acknowledge in the Gipsy. When will they be told, and in a manner to impress them with the fact, that Catholics do not merely claim to be national, but to be *the* national party? We speak, of course, not with reference to *numbers*, but to *principles*. When will they be reminded that the Catholic party is the natural guardian and champion of the fundamental principles of the Constitution, which were established in times when Protestantism did not exist to prevent their application or impede their working? Were all memory of the Constitution to perish, it might revive again amongst us and grow naturally to its legitimate development; for, in retaining the religion of our ancestors and its founders, we have retained the principles from which it sprung. But never could the British Constitution, with its liberties, its moderation, and its enduring vitality, have arisen among a Protestant people. The greatest injury the Constitution ever received was the establishment of Protestantism; and from the time when Protestants assumed its custody, it has never been itself. Indeed, so antagonistic are the principles of Protestantism to the life of the Constitution, that it is only by the good sense and good fortune which

have withheld them from applying their own principles more freely and more consistently to it, that they continue in possession of any of its blessings.

True it is, that as the proper functions of the Catholic party are thus elevated, much time and toil and self-denial will be required before they can be deemed altogether fitted for their task. But here again it is gratifying to reflect that their enemies are their truest friends and teachers. The Catholic party will not be condemned to study in silence and retirement the part they have to play. They may at once enter upon their duties as guardians of the Constitution and exponents of Catholic policy, and work will be ready to their hands. For as it has been chiefly in the treatment of Catholics that the Constitution has hitherto been violated, so now the conspiracy against us assumes the old form of an attack upon constitutional rights, and we cannot defend ourselves without at the same time defending the best interests of our country. And, again, as it has been in the treatment of Ireland that the worst outrages on the Constitution have been committed, as it is through the side of that ill-fated sister that the worst blows against justice and liberty are still threatened by the dominant faction; so the Catholic party in the Legislature have an additional security in their course by their special connexion with that portion of the empire. We are here reminded of one fruit of the Papal aggression, often quoted against us, viz. that only one English constituency has returned a Catholic member. We admit both the fact and the inference. It is a temporary misfortune. But let us see if we can profit by any of the uses of adversity,

“Which like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Oft wears a precious jewel in her head.”

We sincerely declare that the fact gave us unmistakeable pleasure. We hope to turn it to a good account. We rejoice that the Catholics of England are thrown so unreservedly upon Irish magnanimity. We trust that it may prove a lesson to our self-conceit. We have obligations to Ireland which we can never repay, but which we have not always been sufficiently ready to acknowledge. Under God, we owe to Ireland our emancipation, our present safety, and the best portion of our future prospects. It is not too much to say, that, under God, we owe also, in great measure, to her example and support even our perseverance in the faith. And if there are any who in times past have shewn themselves forgetful of these facts, it is well that the lesson of our dependence upon Ireland should be thus pointedly enforced, so that self-interest may suggest what honour has failed to impress.

We have spoken of Catholic union ; let us advert to what we prize yet more highly, Catholic isolation. For three-and-twenty years Catholics have been members of parliament. It was reserved for the present year to see them in a position to work according to their ability. Even under that mighty leader who, having broken down the barriers which excluded them, led them triumphantly within the pale of the Constitution, they were never absolutely free. Some compact with the Whigs, some apprehended danger from the Tories, kept them always in the leading-strings of faction. But no Catholic need now refuse to bring forward a grievance lest it should embarrass the Government, or to denounce an anti-social and destructive policy for fear of helping the Opposition. On international questions, on our foreign policy, but above all, on the condition of the people, on poor-laws, on education, on penal or reformatory measures, on the rights of labourers, tenants, landlords, soldiers, sailors, prisoners, and paupers, a Catholic can now labour for the honour and happiness of his country, with all the advantages which he derives from the teachings of his religion, and without any reference to the effect of his vote upon the stability of a Whig administration.

We hope we shall not be suspected of anticipating too much from the formation of an independent Catholic party in the House of Commons ; we are well aware of the difficulties and dangers which beset their path, and which may hinder them from effecting much real good, not in *this* parliament only, but in the next, and in a third or fourth it may be : and if we do not dwell on this dark side of the picture as fully as we have done on the brighter, it is not because we are blind to it, but because we are satisfied that our readers are sufficiently familiar with it already. We have no need, like the Egyptians of old, to introduce a skeleton into our banqueting-halls by way of tempering our festivity. There is always an abundance of them ready to our hands ; they follow us as faithfully as our own shadows. We cannot take up a daily newspaper but that we find one staring us in the face. If it is not in the parliamentary debates, it will be found in the police-reports ; if it is not a prominent feature in the leading article, we may reckon upon it with certainty in the columns of "our own correspondent."

We shall probably return to the subject of our duties, and the special work which it behoves us to undertake, on another occasion ; at present our space is exhausted, and we will only say a few words, in conclusion, against a very common, but, as we think, capital error, which would treat the No-Popery

agitation as a consequence of the bull of Pope Pius IX. or the pastoral of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. The truth is, the causes and real springs of these outbreaks are quite independent of the occasions on which they shew themselves. When a man goes into convulsions at the offer of a cup of water, we do not say that the water has caused the hydrophobia, of which it has evoked the symptoms, any more than we blame the windmill as the cause of the madness which induced the knight to treat it as a giant. What the bite of a mad dog or a disease of the brain are in these cases, hatred of our religion and anger at its spread were in the late agitation. When the disease has arrived at a certain stage, it must evince itself, and accident decides the immediate occasion of its appearance. The No-Popery madness of England is an ever-smouldering fire, which may break out at any moment, but *which is never so dangerous as when men have forgotten its existence.* It is a great blessing, that not only our own eyes, but those of all the wise and good men of the nation, have been opened to its existence and its dangers; and it is a great satisfaction to reflect, that if in the late sudden outburst, when every body was taken by surprise and when every thing seemed in its favour, it was yet got under without doing us any material injury, we have still less to fear from a relapse. We will add too, that we cannot help thinking it very fortunate that it happened when it did; fortunate that that wise and necessary step, the restoration of our hierarchy, which, in medical phrase, served to "bring out" the disorder, was not delayed till the progress of our faith had made the wrath of our enemies still more furious, or our own numbers more imposing. Had the numerical force of English Catholics been greater, the insults and injuries to which they were subjected might have provoked retaliation, and the fires of Stockport might have blazed in every town. That it was not so, we have every reason to be thankful. Those thanks, however, are certainly not due to the English Government, whether of Lord John Russell or Lord Derby.

DEATH-BED BEQUESTS ; OR, CATHOLIC TESTATORS
AND PROTESTANT CONSPIRATORS.

A TRUE STORY.

SIXTY years ago, a young man, named Mathurin Carré, who had been intended for holy orders, and had already received the tonsure, escaped for his life from France, then raging under the horrors of revolution, and happily reached England in safety. He took up his residence in London, of course in utter penury, and for his support adopted the course which so many emigrant Frenchmen, clerical or lay, at that time pursued, of teaching his native language in schools or private families. A certain air of dignity which he possessed, with a tall, commanding form, and all the courtesy of his country, with something too of that subdued tone which he would have naturally contracted from intercourse with the French clergy, caused him to be called Abbé; and we can easily conceive the associations and recollections which the little word must have often awakened in his mind.

On his arrival in England, he appears to have applied himself with energy to the vocation he had adopted; and with unwearied industry he went to and fro to the various places where he was engaged, usually for a paltry pittance, to instruct children or others in his native tongue. Very naturally and properly, commencing in poverty and working so hardly for his living, he practised the utmost economy; and in process of time, quite as naturally, this became a habit of extreme parsimony. He lodged in the poorest of rooms, lived on the meanest of fare, and never allowed himself the slightest superfluity of any sort. Thus he lived and laboured, and as he saved small sums, hoarded them until they had accumulated to an amount with which he was enabled to buy a little stock. Having invested it in the Three per Cents, he still went on saving from what he earned, and adding savings and dividends together, and investing them in the same way, until he had at first hundreds, and then in the course of years *thousands* standing in his name in the Consols accounts at the Bank of England. For the greater part of his life he resided at Somers Town, near the Catholic chapel of St. Aloysius, of which the Rev. J. Holdstock was for twenty-five years one of the priests. M. Gasquet, a French Catholic, who has practised there as a medical man for nearly thirty years, remembered Carré all that time, and could recal curious traits of his character. About twenty-five years ago,

two French Abbés, brothers, named De Coudray (both long since dead), officiated at the chapel; and he remembers they spoke of him as *un avare*. In 1830, after Charles X. was expelled from France, one of them was stopped by Carré (in coming out from the chapel), who said, with an air of kindness, that he must be much inconvenienced from his pension as a French *émigré* being stopped, and that he (Carré) would be happy to assist him. The Abbé at once accepted the offer, and borrowed 5*l.* of him. But in a day or two Carré repented of his generosity, and came to ask the Abbé for the money, saying that the loan entailed a *loss of interest*. The Abbé told the story to M. Gasquet, who advanced the money to repay Carré, whom they made very much ashamed of himself by offering him the interest accurately calculated, which came to about a farthing. The allusion to the emigrants reminds us that Carré, although during the last twenty years of his life really a rich man, continued down to the very last to receive an allowance of 15*l.* per annum from a public fund provided for the support of *poor* French emigrants, to receive which he was compelled to *swear to poverty*. He certainly *lived* in poverty; the few coals he used to have in winter were kept in a corner of his single room, which served for sitting-room and parlour, bed-chamber, pantry, and coal-cellar. For the last eighteen years of his life Carré lodged at the house of a man named Hamilton, who of course became aware that he had a miser for a lodger, and paid him great attention, entertaining expectations of having his money bequeathed to him, more especially since no intercourse was carried on between the old man and his relations. They lived at Lavay, in the department of La Mayence, and about ten years ago comprised a brother and two married sisters. He had heard nothing of them until 1845, when, hearing that he was rich, they began to make inquiries after him; but he repulsed all efforts on their part to renew any intercourse, satisfied of their selfishness, and often saying that he knew they only cared for his money. He used to attend the Catholic chapel, but always sat in the free seats, behind the poor girls' school founded by the late venerable Abbé Carron, and on some occasions expressed an interest in the schools. When asked sometimes by a friend as to what he meant to do with his money, he would say that he hoped to leave a lamp to burn behind him, and would now and then refer specifically to the schools. For the last three or four years of his life, when he went to confession, it was to Mr. Holdstock.

In February 1847 this old man had attained the age of seventy-seven, having lived half a century of incessant indus-

try and rigid economy. The result, so far as his savings were concerned, was, that he had not less than 10,000*l.* in the Three per Cents, in two sums,—one of 7000*l.*, and the other of 3000*l.* But his strength now began to fail him; not so much by reason of the work, as on account of weakness occasioned by want of sufficient nourishment. Towards the end of the month, the old man had walked from home at Somers Town to attend a school at Clerkenwell, for the first time after the Christmas vacation, and had reached King's Cross, but there felt faint, and was obliged to return home, saying to the landlord that he was too weak to go to the school, or to go to the Bank for his January dividend on the sum of 3000*l.*, which was payable in that month; whereupon the landlord proposed that he should go for him. The old man lay for several days in a state of exhaustion, yet unwilling, from his habitual avarice, to have a doctor sent for; but at last Hamilton, the landlord, called in M. Gasquet, who at once saw that the chief cause of his weakness was defect of food, and ordered nourishing diet, especially beef-tea, to be taken several times a day.

It is necessary that the reader should well consider the total dependence of an aged man in this condition upon his landlord; lying in bed exhausted with weakness, and unable to move, depending for life upon nourishment being administered to him *several times a day*, and his death certain quickly to ensue if that nourishment were withheld. It is impossible to imagine a position of more utter and abject dependence upon another; and it is most material to remark this with reference to what follows in the narrative.

It was on Friday the 26th February that M. Gasquet saw Carré first on this occasion; having (be it observed) known him for nearly thirty years, and being well acquainted with his habits and his reputed wealth. He saw him the next morning, Saturday, when he seemed better; but in the course of the conversation which, as a countryman and fellow-Catholic and old acquaintance, he naturally had with him, M. Gasquet recommended him to seek spiritual aid, which he said he would do. M. Gasquet observed with disgust the dirty and poverty-stricken state of the room (with hardly any fire in the grate), and remarked upon it to Carré, who said it was not from necessity but choice, as he could have abundance if he pleased. M. Gasquet then suggested that he should leave some of his money for charity (*pour les pauvres*); and he said it was his intention to leave something handsome (*quelque chose de jolie*) to the charities connected with the chapel.

On Sunday morning M. Gasquet again called on Carré;

and as he found him rather weaker, he repeated his directions as to nourishing diet, and inquired if Mr. Holdstock had been sent for. Finding that he had not been, he deemed it his duty to tell him of Carré's condition (the old man having named Mr. Holdstock to M. Gasquet as his director), and at the same time he mentioned Carré's intentions as to the schools. Mr. Holdstock accordingly saw him, and of course saw him alone, and it may be reasonably conjectured that Carré made his confession. He also mentioned to the priest the intention he had already expressed to the medical man, and wished him to prepare his will. To this Mr. Holdstock objected, but he offered to introduce a legal gentleman who should do it. It may easily be imagined that an aged miser who grudged himself food and fuel, and with difficulty was induced to call for a doctor when he had been lying for days prostrate with weakness, did not much relish the idea of having a lawyer running up "a little bill" in respect to the preparation of a will. This Mr. Holdstock understood to be the reason that he was asked to make the will; added to which, most Catholics would have greater confidence in a priest than in a lawyer, and in a Catholic lawyer than in a Protestant. Mr. Holdstock, therefore, at last consented to take instructions for the will, and noted them down in pencil for the gentleman who was to draw it up in legal form; the effect being, that the 7000*l.* were to go to the school, and the 3000*l.* to the relatives, except 50*l.* to Hamilton the landlord, and 50*l.* to Mr. Holdstock for masses. On the same evening Mr. Holdstock saw Mr. Cooke, a gentleman who for twenty-five years has practised at the Chancery bar, and has always borne an unexceptionable character, and is a most estimable and amiable man; who for sixteen years has been a convert to the Catholic faith, and for nine years had regularly attended the same chapel with Carré, and was therefore well known to all the congregation. The next day, Monday, this gentleman prepared the will according to the instructions he had received, and in the afternoon they went together to call on Carré. Mr. Cooke now heard from his own lips his intentions, which were slightly altered, but substantially the same as he had intimated at first. Mr. Cooke, however, suggested that the 7000*l.* for the charity should be disposed of by deed, in this way: vesting it in three trustees, of whom Carré himself was to be one, for his own use during life, and for the schools at his death, with a power of revoking it at his pleasure at any time before death. This latter provision, of course, was made in the event of his recovering and living some time longer, in which case he might desire to alter the disposition of

his property; which it was hardly likely he would wish to do, after such mature deliberation, in a day or two. The reader is requested to remark this: the difference between a deed and a will was, that while the deed, which was to take effect at death, had substantially the same effect, it saved legacy-duty, which at ten per cent would have amounted to 700*l.*; and it was not revokable, as a will is, by the mere making of any other instrument by way of will, but would require a deed referring to and revoking the previous deed. The practical result of this, therefore, was to protect Carré from undue influence or importunity on the part of any person desiring to have a greater interest in the disposition of his property, by rendering necessary, in order to alter its disposition, the intervention of a legal practitioner and the production of the previous deed.

Another object, or at least another effect, of Mr. Cooke's suggestion of a deed instead of a will was, that the disposition of the property might be made with more deliberation, for the preparation of the deed would require longer delay and another interview for its execution; and, in fact, the Thursday following was fixed for the purpose, thus interposing a further interval of three days.

Meanwhile the landlord had not been an inattentive or uninterested observer of the intentions and actions of his lodger; he was keenly alive to what was going on, and naturally jealous of the interposition of other parties. When Mr. Holdstock had left, he had a conversation with Carré, and soon found out what was in contemplation, and that all he was to have was fifty pounds. This displeased and disappointed him, and he was disposed to obstruct all further proceedings that were necessary for the carrying out of the testator's design. Accordingly, when Mr. Holdstock and Mr. Cooke attended, according to their engagement, with the will and the deed, Hamilton, aided by a friend of his, a Mr. Brown, endeavoured to prevent their seeing Carré. Mr. H., however, persisted in seeing him, and found he was perfectly willing that the business should proceed when he understood that the parties were waiting according to his own appointment; and it was proceeded with accordingly. Mr. Cooke was called in, with the witnesses, Miss Clarke, a most respectable lady who has for a long course of years been engaged in education, and Mr. Hay, a highly respected clerk in Wright's bank. Hamilton and his friend Brown were present all the time. The deed transferring the 7000*l.* to the trustees, the will leaving the 3000*l.* to the family and the legacies to the executors and the landlord, and the "power of attorney" to

enable the trustees to transfer the stock into their names at the Bank in order to give effect to the deed, were then read over distinctly by Mr. Cooke and explained to Carré, who appeared to understand every thing, and suggested a codicil giving all the furniture to Hamilton and the dividends then due, amounting to about fifty pounds. The instruments were then duly executed, the landlord's friend Brown *signing as one of the attesting witnesses.*

It would be difficult to imagine a transaction more natural, more unimpeachable, and, under the circumstances, more laudable. The old miser in his last days leaves a large amount to his relatives, whom he did not even know by sight; a considerable legacy to his landlord; a small sum for masses and to each of his executors; the residue, the largest portion of his property, he leaves for the benefit of a very deserving charity attached to the chapel in which he had for a quarter of a century worshipped, and founded by a venerable French priest who, like himself, had been an emigrant at the same dreadful period, some "sixty years since." It cannot be surprising, then, that when the parties withdrew, *all* agreed, including the landlord and his friend, that "nothing could be more satisfactory." The landlord might have had his private reasons for dissatisfaction; it afterwards turned out that he had; a sense of disappointment so vivid as to affect him even to tears (so it was sworn): but these were feelings so purely selfish, that he could scarcely presume to express them; so he appeared to be satisfied. And thus the priest and the lawyer and the rest retired, and left Hamilton alone with the old man.

All this had happened on Friday, the 3d of March. The next morning Hamilton saw Mr. Cooke, and expressed the disappointment he felt at the smallness of the amount left to him; although it was just double of what was left to the priest, and considering that he was an utter stranger in blood, and was paid for every thing he had ever done for the old man, was certainly large enough. It is clear that he had been using his best endeavours to persuade Carré himself to make a farther provision for him; and having failed in this, he now sought to effect his object through the influence of one of the executors. In reply, Mr. Cooke merely asked if Carré had intimated any intention to alter the disposition of his property? To this searching question Hamilton could only answer "No;" and the reader's particular attention is requested to this fact. Mr. C. then desired him, if such a wish should be intimated, at once to send for him (he lived close by), and he would attend Carré for the purpose of effecting the alteration. Disappointed and baffled again, the landlord withdrew, and forthwith did

the best that could be done to secure at least what was left to him. He got Carré to sign a power of attorney to enable him to receive the 50% dividend on the 3000%, and he did receive them on that day, Saturday, and returned to his house, where the old man lay, weak and exhausted, and utterly dependent on his discontented landlord. This landlord, be it recollected, had now in his possession the above sum, and the moment the old man died would be the owner of it, and of whatever property of his might be in the apartments. What passed that day with the old man no witness can tell. Four things are certain: the priest was not sent for, the medical man was not sent for, Mr. Cooke was not sent for, and the old man died. At four o'clock that afternoon Mr. Cooke returned home, having transferred the 7000% stock into the names of Carré and the other trustees, and called at the house of Hamilton. He was not a little surprised to hear of Carré's death. That very morning he had seen the landlord, who did not in the least intimate any change for the worse. And if there had been, why had not the medical man been sent for? The medical man, too, was no less surprised to hear of a death which seemed to him very sudden under the circumstances, more especially since the day before he had observed "a marked improvement" in his patient. Mr. Holdstock was shocked. Neither of them had heard a word, although close at hand. Again we ask, why had they not been sent for? So it was, however; Carré was dead.

Again on this occasion, the landlord expressed to Mr. Cooke his disappointment at not having obtained greater benefit from the old man's will. Again Mr. C. inquired if Carré had expressed any desire to alter his intentions, either with reference to the charity or any thing else. The answer was in the negative.

Foiled on this tack, Hamilton tried another, and expressed a hope that the trustees would consider him. Mr. C. explained that they had no power to apply the charity-fund to any private purpose. Hamilton went on to talk of the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx, the senior priest of the chapel, whom he called "a good old gentleman," and said "there were so many good things in the Catholic religion, that some day he might think seriously on the subject." This made an unpleasant impression upon Mr. Cooke's mind; it struck him at once that the landlord was trying alternately by throwing out hints in the way of threat, and by holding out hopes as to a contemplated conversion, to influence the trustees to do something for him. Repeatedly afterwards Hamilton pressed Mr. Cooke to use his influence with the relatives of the deceased. At last, however,

Mr. C. effectually put a stop to these importunities by requesting him to prepare a written statement of his supposed claims, to be laid before the relatives when they should arrive. From that time the landlord said no more about them, excepting that once, when the relatives were actually coming, he again urged Mr. Cooke to press his claims upon them, adding, "It will be for your interest to do so." Mr. C. indignantly inquired what he meant by this insinuation, upon which Hamilton apologised.

Immediately after Carré's death, Mr. Cooke wrote to the relatives in France, to inform them of the will made in their favour; and in the month of April, Hamilton too, who had by that time exhausted all his importunity with the trustees, and to no purpose, wrote to these same relatives, in which he professes to give "a full statement" of all the circumstances of his lodger's decease. This statement is in exact conformity with every thing that has here been told, excepting only on the one point of Carré's intentions with regard to himself, on which he declared (contrary to his repeated acknowledgments to Mr. Cooke) that Carré was not satisfied with what he had done, and had expressed a hope that the relatives would make a better provision for him, on the strength of which he now coolly proposed that *he should share in the money left to them*. In June two of these relatives arrived in England; François Metairie and his wife, the niece of Carré. When Hamilton found that they did not credit his story about Carré's alleged intention to leave him a larger legacy, or at least that they were not going to act upon it, he gave vent to his bitter disappointment, not only in words, but tears; and then *for the first time* alluded to the influence of Mr. Holdstock in a way calculated to excite suspicion, and accused him of having violently interfered. During four months in which he had been writing and speaking on the subject, this was the first word on his part tending to impugn a transaction at which he had been present, which a friend of his had attested, and which he had himself afterwards aided in carrying out; and he now spoke these words in a passion of tears at his own bitter disappointment. The relatives went to see Mr. Cooke, and received from him a copy of the deed conveying the 7000*l.* to the charity. Of course they did not like it. People don't usually like to lose money; and relatives of a deceased person are apt to consider money as lost which they had expected, and which goes to somebody else, more especially if it goes to a charity. Hence they now at least so far sympathised with Hamilton that they were disappointed, and they had now to brood over their disappointment as he had brooded over his.

But they could neither find from his account of the matter, nor from the nature of the transaction itself, any foundation for impeaching it; so they returned to France again, after having settled with the executors, and received the 3000*l.* (less legacies and expenses) to be divided among them. It appears, however, that the relatives quarrelled among themselves; and those who had settled the business in London were grievously suspected and reproached. The result was several journeys to England; but nothing could be made of the affair: lawyers were appealed to; but there was not the least ground or pretence for impeaching a transaction which had been conducted with such care and deliberation, and moreover had taken place in the presence of one who had the strongest interest in obstructing it, namely, the landlord. It appeared hopeless, and in ordinary times would have been hopeless, to attempt to impeach it; so ultimately the relatives returned finally to France, there "to digest the venom of their spleen;" and the Somers Town school went on prosperously under the income supplied from the gift of Carré. All this occurred in 1847; and in 1849 Mr. Nerinckx, the senior chaplain, published a statement in the *Tablet* of their position, and of the circumstances of the gift.

In 1850, however, occurred an event which occasioned an anti-Catholic excitement unprecedented since the period of the Gordon riots; and in the next year the agitation about "Papal Aggression" aroused the excitement to an intensity of virulence unparalleled since the time of Titus Oates. Every affair which could be laid hold of as a means either of adding to the excitement or of gratifying the animosity which it aroused was eagerly taken advantage of. In the mean time Lord Brougham, whose anti-catholic aversions had not been mitigated by the munificence of more than one Catholic testator, happened to hear of the case, and mentioned it to his learned friends the Whig law-officers of the Crown. They at once saw and said that it was too good a thing to be lost sight of; especially as the Catholic Bishop of the London District was one of the trustees under the deed, and he was now Cardinal Wiseman, the very prelate who had been the innocent cause, or rather the pretence, of all the excitement which the Ministry were just then making use of for the purpose of raising political capital. It was seen at once that the appearance of the Cardinal's name in print as defendant in a secular suit would add fresh fuel to the fire. It was true he could only be a *nominal* defendant, seeing that he had nothing at all to do with the transaction, which occurred in 1847, before he was Bishop of the London

District. But it would, of course, be easy to set his name before the public in the papers as *a* defendant; and the public would not easily discriminate between the *real* defendant, Mr. Cooke, and the nominal one, the Cardinal. Such was the Protestant plot. The question was, how to work it. The problem was to get it before the public as soon and in as exciting a way as possible. A motion was given notice of to bring the fund into court; a purely immaterial proceeding, to which the defendant was prepared to assent. This, of course, would have occasioned no discussion, and presented no opportunity for an exciting parade of the case. Here a conspiracy was concocted of the most cruel and cowardly character ever conceived. Suddenly there appeared in the *Observer* copies of long affidavits made by Hamilton and his friend Brown, conveying the foulest imputations against Mr. Holdstock and Mr. Cooke. This, of course, was an aggravated libel, without the least pretence for palliation, and exposed the responsible party not only to the risk of an action for libel, but also of committal by the Court of Chancery for contempt of court, for persons have repeatedly been committed for conduct of this kind. The defendants' attorney, therefore, was justified in attempting to trace the agents of this malicious and libellous publication. He traced it to the man Brown, the deponent of one of the affidavits thus published. He, the attesting witness to the deed, who had for years never dreamt of impugning it, now makes a most offensive affidavit containing the foulest imputations against the respectable parties concerned in it, and carries the affidavit to a weekly newspaper directly he has sworn it. Who set him on to do this? The reader will form his own opinion upon this point, when we inform him that Brown was traced to Lord Brougham, and found to be in communication with him. And what was the account which this man and his friend, the landlord, now gave of the transaction they had witnessed, and attested, and for years acquiesced in? It will hardly be credited that their representation was, that Carré did not know what he had signed; that he did not intend to dispose of the 7000*l.* to the charity; and that he thought the deed he had executed for that purpose was merely a power of attorney to enable the landlord to receive the dividends due on the 3000*l.* This was what Hamilton solemnly swore, and in the face of the fact that there were three instruments executed—one a deed, one a will, and one a power of attorney (a power not to receive, but transfer stock, and to transfer it into the names of the trustees under the *deed*—all parts of one transaction); and

in the face of the fact that Mr. Cooke had *twice* attended the testator on the subject, first for instructions, and next with the three documents for the purpose of explanation and execution; and further, in the face of the fact that Hamilton had actually written a letter to the relatives distinctly declaring that the testator had, on the occasion of executing those documents, disposed of his property, and made his final disposition of it!—a letter which he had forgotten when he made his affidavit, and the preservation of which was one of those interpositions of Providence by which we so often, in judicial investigations, find the darkest and deepest schemes defeated and exposed. When it was produced in court, the countenance of Lord Cranworth underwent a remarkable change of expression. It may suffice, as a further description of the landlord's affidavit, to say that he swore Mr. Cooke had drawn the documents without any instructions! It is only to be added, that the landlord's friend swore, for the most part, in the same terms; although all he knew of the transaction was, that he had been present at the execution of the documents, and had attested them. Any lawyer knows with what suspicion such evidence of an attesting witness, impugning a transaction he had attested, has always been received in any court, and how indignant some of our greatest judges have been at the idea of such a course; sometimes actually committing the witness for the manifest fraud or falsehood.

These affidavits being published, of course the defendants had now no alternative but to meet them, and they went into court solely for that reason; although, as already observed, the cause was not ripe for hearing, and the motion before the court was such as *must* be assented to. There was an unscrupulous astuteness in all this which is very striking, taken in connection with the fact, that as one of the two witnesses, Brown, was found to have been in communication with Lord Brougham, so also the plaintiffs' attorney was afterwards shewn to have been not only under the same influence, but to have been originally set in motion by him, the ex-chancellor having actually introduced the plaintiffs to him. Under such exalted and excellent auspices, and with such tactics, the case came into court; and Mr. Bethell, a Queen's counsel, the leading counsel at the Chancery Bar, was retained as the most able to dress it up, and put it forth in the most exciting manner. And well he did his work. One would have thought that in a case resting on affidavits so questionable, and opposed to inconsistencies so palpable and to evidence so convincing, there would have been some forbearance on the part of an advocate

of high standing in doing the utmost he could towards destroying the reputation of an exemplary clergyman of nearly thirty years' standing, and a fellow-counsel of more than twenty. One would have supposed, we say, that the least sensitive mind might have scrupled to assail such men, upon such testimony, in terms the most truculent and offensive. Not so, however. No greater forbearance was displayed by Mr. Bethell on this occasion than by Sir F. Thesiger on another and more recent one. As, in the latter case, the leader of the bar hesitated not to insinuate against such men as Cardinal Antonelli a complicity in forgery and perjury which he could not have believed to be true; so, in this case, the leader of the Chancery Bar did not scruple to impute to a priest so exemplary as Mr. Holdstock, and a barrister so unimpeachable as Mr. Cooke, an implication in fraud and conspiracy which he must have believed to be false. Such is the morality of the English bar in the nineteenth century. Such conduct is vindicated by a *conventionalism*; as perjury was formerly vindicated, it appears, by members of the House of Commons sitting on Election Committees. It is said that it is enough if counsel speak according to *instructions*, however false, and however little he himself may credit them. This is Protestant morality. No trace of it can be found before the age of Elizabeth, when the current of immorality began to set in along with the tide of heresy upon this unhappy country! It is setting up a human usage against a divine command. Thou shalt not speak slander, says the Decalogue; and the Protestant counsel says, "Not, excepting when I find it in my brief!" A Catholic moralist would ask, "Did you *believe* it?" and if conscience answered no, would convict the man of the sin of slander. In such a case as this—of mortal sin—Mr. Bethell's conscience asked no such question. It is painful to recal all that he allowed himself to say of Mr. Holdstock and Mr. Cooke. We must hurry on to the termination of the transaction. The newspapers gave the most flaming accounts of his statements, continued as they were elaborately for several successive days. When Mr. Cooke's counsel, the present Vice-Chancellor Stuart, commenced the defence, the reports were reduced and cut down, and daily became "small by degrees and *ungenerously* less," until there was at last a bare notice of "case proceeding," and a complete burking of the defendants' case, not one of their affidavits being published!

All that was said against them had gone forth; what was said in their favour was withheld: where was the use, then, of going on? They felt it vain to struggle for justice under such circumstances: they had full confidence in the judge; Lord

Cranworth is a man of honesty and integrity; and if he had had the decision, the defendants would have demanded it, and had no doubt as to what it would have been. But, alas, the validity of the transaction would have to be decided by a jury, and a jury chosen out of that very public whose prejudices had been diligently fed day after day with the most exciting statements made on behalf of the plaintiff, but from whom every word of the defence was being carefully withheld. They felt, therefore, that justice had no chance. Their counsel advised a compromise. The other side, knowing they had no case, (or otherwise why should they have given in?) gladly acceded; but the defendants would not agree to it, unless the plaintiffs withdrew the charges of fraudulent conduct, and took those foul affidavits off the file. This was done; the plaintiffs received half the property; and Lord Brougham, Mr. Bethell, and Mr. Brown could congratulate themselves upon having been concerned in depriving a deserving Catholic charity of half an endowment, obtained under circumstances which they all three well knew, and one of them had deliberately declared, were "perfectly fair and satisfactory."

Such was English justice in the case of Carré; and such are the cases which, in the hands of Protestant lawyers and with the help of an unprincipled Protestant press, are made to assume certain false colours and proportions, by means of which not only is the popular prejudice against our clergy strengthened and increased, but the Headlams, the Spooners, and the Newdegates of our legislature feel themselves encouraged to propose, and may not improbably be actually enabled to carry, new laws which shall still further impede the exercise of Christian charity. In the present instance, indeed, the libellous affidavits imputing undue influence, and even violence, to the priest, were afterwards withdrawn; but the impression upon the public mind which those affidavits had created, and which *they were intended to create*, are not so easily removed. The case of *Metairie v. Wiseman* has now become part of the regular "stock in trade" of the platform-orators of Exeter Hall, and will be quoted again and again as a striking instance of the "rapacity of the Popish clergy," availing themselves of "the terrors of dying men." With what justice, the preceding narrative (which is compiled from the sworn affidavits of all the parties concerned) sufficiently shews. On the one hand, the priest against whom all this obloquy has been directed had only seen the dying man twice, and only once alone, and then only for a very short time; and the landlord swore that, when the priest was gone, Carré repeated to him what had passed between them, so that, if the landlord's

evidence were true, the influence of the priest could not have been very great. The landlord, on the other hand, from the moment the poor old man lay prostrate on his bed, dependent for his support on the almost hourly ministration of nourishing food, had him absolutely in his own power; moreover, by his own confession, he was continually and incessantly urgent with the dying man that he would make a better provision for him in his will; and yet not a syllable of reproach is heard as to any "undue influence" that had been exercised by this man, notwithstanding that his case comes *precisely* within the definition which we quoted in our last from the great Protestant authority in this matter, Swinborne; "when the testator is under the government of the persuader, and in his danger" (*i.e.* in peril of his power). "And therefore if the physitian, during the time of sickness, *be instant with the testator to give him his goods, the testament is not good; for the law presumeth that the testator did it lest the physitian should forsake him or negligently cure him.*" This landlord stood in the case of the physician; by "forsaking or negligently curing him," the testator's death would have been accelerated; he acknowledged that he was "instant with the testator to give him his goods," and the testator gave them; yet *his* influence is not complained of, the legacies left to *him* are not impeached. Truly, the moral of the case seems to be this, that according to the standard of ethics recognised by public opinion in a Protestant country, a man may lawfully use any influence on a dying man for the benefit of his own pocket; but that influence exercised for the benefit of a charity is "undue influence," more especially if it has been exercised by a priest.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

Elizabeth's first Irish Parliament.

IN discussions on the re-settlement of Church property in Ireland, advocates of the Established Church frequently assert that this property was transferred to its present uses by an act of the Irish nation assembled in Parliament in the second year of Elizabeth, January 12, 1559-60. The Irish Bishops, it is maintained, were present; and not only did not oppose the spoliation of the Catholic Church, but conformed very generally to the Anglican heresy. A settlement of this his-

torical question can influence very slightly, we fear, the conflicting claims of the rival Churches at the present day. If one hundred Irish legislators voted the establishment of Protestantism three hundred years ago, their votes cannot prove that the Irish Church has not been ever since an injustice unparalleled in the annals of nations, civilised or savage; if these legislators did not vote its establishment, if the Irish statutes of 1560 never received their assent, Drs. Whately and Beresford would not, therefore, be more easily induced to resign their princely palaces and broad acres to the nation, much less to Archbishops Cullen and Dixon. If, then, we undertake to discuss the point, it is purely as a matter of history; and we shall the more carefully abstain from exaggeration or vituperation, as we think we have something important to communicate, not generally known to our readers.

An act of Parliament, old or new, is a very good thing when it falls in with our prejudices, and fills our pockets with money; and Anglicans, therefore, very naturally cherish Elizabeth's first Irish Parliament as being the very keystone of their Church in that country. But they can throw a veil over the proceedings of that Church when opposed to acts of Parliament. They had no act of Parliament for their heresies introduced into the Irish Church by Edward VI.; their first Bishops, Brown of Dublin, Staples of Meath, Bale of Ossory, and Casey of Limerick, took wives, not only against the canons of the Church, but also against an existing act of Parliament; Edward's heretical liturgy was introduced into a few Irish cathedrals in spite of all law both civil and ecclesiastical. All these innovations were brought about solely by the authority of a king's letter in council; nor has any Anglican writer ever attempted to assign any other sanction for them.* Elizabeth herself, before she ever summoned an Irish Parliament, commanded her English servants in Ireland to use her liturgy in their houses, and by her high prerogative exempted them from impeachment for thus violating acts of Parliament and the laws of the Church†; and even though she had pursued this line of conduct uniformly to the end, though she had never summoned an Irish Parliament at all, but had robbed the Church by a letter in council or by royal proclamation, we feel confident that her measures and her memory would have been just as zealously defended by those who now plead her

* Dr. Mant's *History of the Church of Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 188-192.

† Shirley's *Original Letters*, p. 90. These Letters, lately published (London, 1851), confirm all that was generally believed of the uncanonical and purely secular means adopted by Edward VI. to suppress the Catholic religion in Ireland.

acts of Parliament. And, for our own part, we think that the bolder would have been the better course; for her Parliament, such as it was, only added fraud to force, treachery to tyranny. It represented neither the nobility, nor the commonalty, nor the clergy of Ireland; the great majority of those who are said to have assisted at it never approved its enactments, or certainly never observed them; it was not an act of the Irish nation; and it left the Protestant clergy, what, for the most part, they have been ever since, chaplains to a garrison of English adventurers and landlords. Never, even for one hour during Elizabeth's reign, could they be called the clergy of the Irish people. Our adversaries themselves admit the truth of this assertion with regard to the last thirty years of her reign. In the following paper, therefore, we shall restrict ourselves to the first years, and shew that it is equally true of them also.

And first, let us speak of the House of Commons in this vaunted Irish Parliament, which is said to have voted for the establishment of Protestantism. According to the published list,* it consisted of seventy-six members; twenty from ten counties, and fifty-six from twenty-eight cities or boroughs. There was no county member for any part of Ulster or Connaught, though parts of both provinces had been represented in preceding Parliaments. These provinces, comprising fully one-half of Ireland, had only six borough members; two from Carrickfergus, and two each from Galway and Atherry. Of the six counties of Munster, two only were represented, namely, Tipperary and Waterford; and even in Leinster, four of the present counties, namely, the King's and Queen's Counties, Longford, and Wicklow, were not represented. Thus the *county* representation in this Parliament included little more than one-fourth of the island. Of the borough members the great majority were returned from places in eight Leinster counties. Munster sent only sixteen members, from Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Dungarvan, Youghall, Fethard, Clonmel, and Kinsale; while Leinster sent thirty-four members from seventeen boroughs or cities. Thus, of the whole representatives in the Commons, two-thirds were returned from a part only of the present province of Leinster. Will any one pretend that the votes of such a Parliament can with any propriety be considered the will of the Commons of Ireland?

Moreover, if it is true that these members consented to the establishment of the Protestant religion, it can only have been in order that both themselves and their constituents might have the luxury of violating all the enactments which they

* Tracts relating to Ireland, vol. ii. p. 135. Irish Archæological Society.

are said to have made; for, according to these enactments, attendance at the Protestant worship was prescribed under penalty of fine, the Catholic worship was prohibited, and the oath of supremacy required as a qualification for all offices, both civil and religious. Now, in the first place, attendance at Protestant worship was simply an impossibility in all the counties, except half the counties of Louth, Meath, Dublin, and Kildare, beyond which the Irish language alone was understood.* The Protestant Prayer-book was not translated into that language.† The reformers, it is true, convicted themselves of dishonesty by dispensing in what they said was God's law; they sanctioned the translation of the Prayer-book into Latin (an unknown tongue) for the use of those places in which the English was not understood; but even this self-convicted imposture was not carried into effect.‡ If, then, the county members voted for this Protestant Prayer-book, they voted for what they knew was at the time an impossibility for their constituents, and which continued so during the whole reign of Elizabeth. This argument does not apply with equal force to the boroughs, in some of which, especially in Leinster, the English language was understood; and the Protestant service therefore was possible, if the people wished to attend it. That they had no such wish, however, is perfectly clear from the unexceptionable evidence of the first reformers themselves, who declaim against the blindness and obduracy of the Irish, with as much pathos and violence as the most accredited organs of English bigotry at the present day. Brown, Bishop of Dublin, complained that the Irish were as zealous for the Papacy as the saints and martyrs ever were for the truth.§ Cromwell's name was as odious to their ears as that of his too-famous namesake Oliver was to their descendants; and they gave an unequivocal testimony of their detestation of his measures by preserving the Church and monastic lands of three provinces for their lawful owners, notwithstanding Henry's confiscations and grants.|| Bale of Ossory,

* These half-counties were the English pale in 1515. The pale was becoming even more Irish in the course of Elizabeth's reign, if we may believe English writers. Craik, first Protestant bishop of Kildare, complains that even in that diocese "neither I can preach to the people, nor the people understand me." Shirley, *Original Letters*, &c. p. 95.

† Irish types were sent over in 1571; but the Irish Testament was not printed until 1603.

‡ Shirley has proved that the "whole service of the Communion" had been translated into Latin, by order of the Lord Deputy, in the year 1549 or 1550; and that it was his intention to have it speedily printed. *Original Letters*, p. 17. But there is no proof that this intention was carried into effect.

§ Cox, *Hibernia Anglicana*, vol. iv. pp. 246-257.

|| "How many frere (friar) howses and others remayne using the old Papiste

another of those so-called reformers, who was sustained in Kilkenny during Edward's reign by the trimming Ormondes and the influence of government, was hunted from the city as soon as Edward's death was known. The old canons of St. Canice purified the cathedral, "flung up their caps to the battlements of the great temple" in the exuberance of their joy, and issuing in procession from its portals, cheered the hearts of the citizens in the thronged streets with the Catholic melody, "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.*"* Staples, first Protestant Bishop of Meath, strikes the key-note of that lugubrious howl which his brethren have sustained during three centuries against the martyr-fidelity of the Irish Catholics: "A beneficed man of mine own promotion," he writes, "came unto me weeping, and desired me that he might declare his mind unto me without my displeasure. I said I was well content. 'My lord,' said he, 'before ye went last to Dublin you were the best-beloved man in your diocese that ever came into it, and now you are the worst-beloved that ever came here.' I asked, why. 'Why,' said he, 'for ye have taken open part with the state, that false heretic, and preached against the Sacrament of the Altar, and deny Saints, and will make us worse than Jews: if the country wiste (knew) how, they would eat you; you have,' he said, 'more curses than ye have hairs of your head; and I advise you, for Christ's sake, not to preach at Navan, as I hear you will do.'"† This letter was written before Christmas in the year 1548. If Staples did preach at Navan, it was his first and last Protestant sermon. To the day of his death he had more curses from his flock than hairs on his head. The national hostility to the reformed doctrines had in no degree been mitigated. The Lord Deputy, Sept. 27, 1550, "never saw the land so far out of good order; for there is this three years no kind of divine service, neither Communion nor yet other service; having but *one* sermon made in that time, which the Bishop of Meath made, who had so little reverence at that time, *as he had no great haste eftsones to preach there.*"‡ From numerous other evidences, too copious to be cited here,

sort?"—*Answer*. "All Mounster, in effect; Thomond, Connaght, and Ulster." State Papers, 1548, Append. Shirley, p. 22.

* Bale's Vocation, "They rang all the bells in the cathedral, minster, and parish churches; they flung up their caps to the battlements of the great temple, with smilings and laughings most dissolutely; they brought out their copes, candlesticks, holy-water stocks, crosses, and censers; they mustered forth in general procession, most gorgeously, all the town over, with "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis,*" and the rest of the Latin Litany. They chattered it, they chaunted it with great noise and devotion; they banqueted all the day after, for that they were delivered from the grace of God to a warm sun."—*Mant*, ii. p. 238.

† Shirley, Original Letters, p. 24.

‡ Ibid. p. 41.

it is manifest that through the whole of Edward's reign the Anglo-Irish spurned the Reformation, and with no exception. If, therefore, a great change had not taken place, their representatives from the twenty-eight boroughs in the Parliament of 1560 must have known that in voting the abolition of the Catholic worship they were acting against the will of their constituents. But there is no evidence of any such change; rather there is abundant evidence of the contrary; and we shall see that the reformation effected by Elizabeth was that of Robespierre and Marat,—the suppression of all public worship in some parts of Ireland.

We have said that the three principal enactments of the Parliament of 1560 concerned the oath of supremacy, attendance at Protestant service, and the abolition of the Catholic worship. We will speak of each of these in turn; and first with regard to the oath of supremacy. So far from complying with this leading point of the reformed enactments, the boroughs continued during the whole reign of Elizabeth to retain the old Catholic oath; it alone, and no other, was administered to their civic officers. And it must be remembered that that oath was not a mere profession of civil allegiance; it was also a profession of the Catholic faith, and renounced and execrated all heresies and schisms contrary to that faith. We do not deny but that now and then some slippery aspirant for corporate honours may not have paid his court to the crown by taking the oath of supremacy against his conscience; but we repeat what was asserted at the time, without contradiction, by Catholic writers,* and what the boroughs themselves asserted when James I. required the same oath, namely, that during the whole reign of Elizabeth the oath of civic officers was the old Catholic oath that had been in use before the reign of Henry VIII. The truth is, that Elizabeth more than once checked the imprudence of some of her over-zealous officers when they wished to enforce the new oath;† for all the boroughs and cities, without exception, were loyal to her throne, against the old, or, as they were called, the “wylde” Irish, and she could not afford to drive them to desperation, and was compelled therefore, for the time, to be satisfied.

The enactment which enjoined attendance on the Protestant service met with no better fate than that which concerned

* Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Armagh, *Commentarius de Regno Hibernie*, p. 286. This work was composed about the year 1601, though not published till many years later. O'Sullivan, *Historiæ Catholicæ Compendium*, p. 281, Dublin, 1850.

† *Cambrensis Eversus*, vol. i. p. 32, note.

the oath of supremacy. From the temper of the public mind in religious matters, as shewn already, during the reign of Edward VI.; from the bitter complaints of the English governors against the Irish bishops, as "blynd and obstinate bishops," for not introducing the English Prayer-book,—it is antecedently in the highest degree improbable that the Parliament of 1560 could at once work so great a miracle as to draw the people to the Protestant service. Were there no evidence on the point at all, it might still be safely assumed that they would not go to such a service unless the law were strictly enforced. This could not be without the machinery of an ecclesiastical commission. No such commission was appointed until May 23, 1561, and even then for the county of Westmeath alone. In the December of the following year a second commission was appointed for the province of Armagh, including the diocese of Meath; and in October 1564 it was extended to the whole kingdom.* These commissions were signal and miserable failures, as the commissioners themselves admit; there is not the least evidence that even a serious attempt was made to enforce them, except in parts of the three dioceses of Armagh, Meath, and Dublin. In July 1565, "instructions" were drawn up for Sir Henry Sydney, ordering him to report on the state of religion. Two draughts of these instructions are extant. Both directed him to inquire into the state of the clergy of the realm in general; both refer to the ecclesiastical commission lately issued, and give orders about it, but of a very different kind. The first draught states that within the English pale, both in private places and in the churches, the Catholic worship was exercised; and it peremptorily prohibits such toleration in future. The second draught, corrected by Cecil's hand, is by no means so confident; it leaves the execution of the commission entirely to Sydney's discretion.† A report was presented the following year, April 15, 1566, in which Sydney and the three reforming bishops virtually confess that they know nothing of any dioceses except Meath, Dublin, and Armagh, for that "with the residue order cannot yet so well be taken, until the countree be first brought into more civil and dutiful obedience."‡ Now this civil obedience, which was an indispensable preliminary to the church reformation, was not attempted till four or five years later; that is, until the appointment of English presidents for the provinces of Munster and Connaught. Moreover, they confess that even "within the three

* *Liber Hiberniæ*, vol. i. part 2, pp. 181, 182.

† Shirley, pp. 206, 209, 211, 213.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 233.

said dioceses the work goeth slowly forward, by reason of the former errors and superstitions *inveterated and leavened in the people's hartes.*" This is merely a repetition of the report presented by the commissioners of 1562, who stated that the people were "unwilling to be taught" the Reformation, and ordered the judges not to meddle with "the simple multitude," but to punish a "few boasting massmen" in every shire of the pale. As for the Reformation beyond the pale, "the bishops," they add, "be all Irish; we need say no more;"* that is, they were not Protestant reformers.

But we may go still further, and justly question the truth of the report that the Reformation was making any real progress even in these three dioceses of Armagh, Dublin, and Meath. It is true, indeed, that the official report says so; but then the bishops of these dioceses signed the report,† and of course they would give a good account to the queen of their own proceedings. This testimony, however, will appear still more suspicious when we examine more closely who these bishops were. On the repeated evidence of two of them, we know that the third, Curwen Archbishop of Dublin, was "an unprofitable old workman;"‡ that he hardly ever preached the reformed doctrines;§ that he frequently did not require the oath of supremacy from the clergy whom he promoted to benefices;|| that he and *all* his canons of St. Patrick, who were also parochial clergy,¶ "were old bottles, and could not hold this new wine" of the Reformation, "dumb dogs, neither teaching nor feeding save themselves;"** that he never exacted conformity from many of those canons, who retained their places to their death;†† and that, in fine, Sydney deemed it absurd to think of reforming the rest of the land so long as the city of Dublin itself remained unreformed, under the government of such a bishop. When he was removed at his own request to the see of Oxford, in 1567, and the Archbishop of Armagh had been brought to Dublin, then only do

* Shirley, p. 140.

† Ibid. p. 237.

‡ Ibid. p. 201.

§ Ibid. pp. 275, 162, 136.

|| "He placeth in sufficient livings those that he never saw, nor never come there, *open enemies.*" Loftus to Sir William Cecil; Shirley, p. 275.

¶ Shirley, p. 152: "The prebends be paroch churches, having cure of souls." Their churches were all within five miles of Dublin. Ibid. p. 258.

** Shirley, p. 162.

†† The ecclesiastical commissioners, appointed in 1562, requested the Lords of the Privy Council, March 16, 1563-4, to devise some plan "how the prebenders that will not be conformable may be, without wrong, by law compelled." Shirley, p. 141. They suggested a special commission to visit both St. Patrick's and Christ Church, but obtained neither. For, in 1565, Cecil writes, "I am sorry to hear no good done in the survey of St. Patrick's, which now serveth for lurking Papists." Ibid. p. 160.

we find the Lord-Deputy Sydney closing one of his letters with the significant words, "now comes the hour for reforming the Church;"* the hour that has been coming for three hundred years, and in expectation of which English governors keep Ireland still in agony. From the new Bishop of Oxford's letters it is, in fact, evident that he troubled himself very little about matters of doctrine; he never says one word about them, except inasmuch as they were the royal will;† his sole petition is for a pension, or a bishopric equal in revenue to that of Dublin, which would support his family and enable him to keep as good a table as before. So much, then, for the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. We come next to the Archbishop of Armagh. All accounts agree in representing Loftus as having been zealous for the Reformation from the time of his promotion to the see of Armagh in 1562 to his removal to Dublin in 1567. But what progress could he make in the former diocese, whilst far the greater part of it was under the dominion of John O'Neil, who, for a large portion of the time, had with him the true Catholic Primate of Ireland?‡ Loftus himself expressly acknowledges his failure. He petitioned to be removed from Armagh, "because it was neither worth any thing to him, nor *was he able to do any good in it*, as it altogether lay among the Irish;" a fact of which he does not appear to have made the discovery until John O'Neil deprived him of the little reverence which he had previously received. There yet remains to be considered the diocese of Meath. In this diocese resided most of the lords of the pale, who, as we shall presently see, adhered to the old religion. They were sustained also in their fidelity by the example of their bishop, Walsh, who had been present in the Parliament of 1560, but certainly did not vote for the Reformation, and who a few months afterwards was deprived of his see for preaching against the Book of Common Prayer. On the 13th of July, 1565, he was committed to the castle of Dublin by Loftus: "he refused the oath, and to answer such articles as we required of him; and besides that, ever since the last Parliament he had manifestly contemned and openly shewed himself to be a misliker of all the queen's majesty's proceedings;

* Shirley, p. 294.

† See his Letters in Shirley, pp. 143, 147, &c. &c. They breathe very little indeed of the spirit of a Christian reformer. He prided himself on being a faithful servant of the crown; and, singular enough in a bishop, reminds Queen Elizabeth of his fidelity to Queen Mary. Loftus, Archbishop of Armagh, gives a bad character of him. "In open judgment [he was Lord Chancellor], loth I am to say it, and I say it not but constrainedly,—in open judgment he will swear terribly, and that not once nor twice." Shirley, p. 275.

‡ Primate Creogh, whose interesting examination, taken in the Tower of London, has been published, for the first time, in Shirley's "Original Letters."

he openly protested before all the people the same day he was before us, that he would never communicate or be present (by his will) where the service should be ministered, for it was against his conscience, and (as he thought) against God's word; he is one of great credit among his countrymen, and *upon whom, as touching causes of religion, they wholly depend.*"* Brady, the intruded Protestant bishop, who had not been appointed, however, until the see had been (professedly) vacant for two years and a half, confesses that the people imitated this example. In a letter dated March 14, 1563-4, he protests that he would rather be a stipendiary priest in England than Bishop of Meath in Ireland; that the lawyers were the sworn enemies of the truth, and the ruin of the country by not executing the laws; that the clergy were stubborn and ignorantly blind; that he had little hopes of their conforming; that the simple multitude were "hardly to be won;" and that though some of them, especially at his native place Dunboyne, were "greedy hearers," his success had as yet only amounted to a *hope* "that they will be unfainedly won."† Two years later, May 16, 1565, his hopes are disappearing; "things are rather worse than otherwise, and without speedy redress the whole body will be so sick, that it shall with difficulty recover, so frowardly be men disposed here." He was able to hold his ground solely by keeping an open house and a good table; "for these people," he says, "will have the one or the other; I mean, *they will either eat my meat and drink or else myself.*"‡ So critical was his position, that in 1566 he excuses himself on prudential grounds for not having executed the ecclesiastical commission as zealously as his colleague Loftus expected.§ Down to this period, August 19, 1566, these two men were the only persons "willing to reform the clergy, or able to teach any wholesome (Protestant) doctrine."||

Thus, on the evidence of the reformers themselves, on the same evidence by which we know that the Reformation was attempted in Ireland, we know that it was from the commencement a total failure, even in the towns and among the Anglo-Irish of the pale, and in those three dioceses in which alone it could be said to have been attempted. We acknowledge,

* Shirley, p. 220.

† Ibid. p. 135.

‡ Ibid. p. 189. Is not this the same system of proselytism which has been attempted during these few years past in the west and south of Ireland?

§ Ibid. p. 272. "If he say, I have drawn backward; I only say again, he (Loftus) hath drawn too fast forward, as the circumstances shall well declare." Meath was becoming too hot, even for a *hospitable* Parliament bishop, after Walsh's banishment.

|| Ibid. p. 265.

indeed, that in the first five years of Elizabeth's reign some of the Anglo-Irish frequented the Protestant churches, but it was in ignorance of the change of religion, and with all the usual externals of Catholic faith, Catholic crosses, Catholic rosaries, Catholic litanies and images;* but as soon as they learnt that it was unlawful, they universally refused to go any longer; or some went to church for mere sport, or at least made sport when they were compelled to go.† With these facts before him, Sussex early foresaw the impossibility of reforming Ireland except by penal laws. "The people without discipline, utterly void of religion (Protestant), come to divine service as to a May game. The ministers, for dishability and greediness, be had in contempt; and the wise fear more the impiety of the licentious professors than the superstition of the erroneous Papists. These matters be so far come, as they be not, I think, to be helped by private commissions, but rather by Parliament, wherein limits in religion and discipline may be appointed, with such severe orders for the punishment of the breakers thereof, as men may fear to go beyond or come short. God hold His hand over us, that our licentious disorders and lack of religious hearts do not bring in the mean time His wrath and revenge upon us!" (July 22, 1562.‡) This is not the report of a man who saw, as Protestants pretend, the churches crowded with people during the first years of Elizabeth. The Pope's nuncio, who was then residing at Limerick, intimates, it is true, that in some parts of Leinster some persons stood in need of the extraordinary faculties which he had received from the Pope; and as they could not come to him in person, he delegated his jurisdiction, in December 1563, to Father Newman, who was residing in Leinster. But in that delegation there is not the least confirmation of the assertion so confidently reported by some writers, that there had been in Leinster a considerable secession from the Catholic Church.||

With this evidence of the state of Ireland, both before and immediately after the first Parliament of Elizabeth, regarding two of the most practical and prominent features of the new religion, namely, the oath of supremacy and attendance at Protestant worship, it is hard to believe that the Commons of that Parliament, representing the wishes of their constituents,

* Peter Lombard, *Comment. de Regno Hibern.* p. 282.

† Sometimes they put their fingers in their ears, and raised a general shout in the church. See O'Sullivan, *Hist. Cat. Comp.* p. 135.

‡ Shirley, p. 117. It is strange to find this Lord Deputy, who had held the Parliament of 1560, now calling for another.

|| The Pope's nuncio, David Wolf, arrived in Ireland in August 1560, and resided there, especially at his native city, Limerick, until his death. Shirley, p. 171.

had voted for the proscription of the ancient faith. It is hard to believe that in one session, almost without adjournment and without debate,* members from different parts of Ireland, who had never availed themselves even of the enactments of Henry VIII., the most tempting to human cupidity, would now unanimously vote, without one word of remonstrance, the suppression of the ancient worship; a measure which, unlike the oath of supremacy, affected all their constituents alike, from the richest citizen to the meanest beggar. There are records of the debates of preceding and following Parliaments, but none of this; and there is an old tradition that the great majority of this Parliament were opposed to these enactments: that by the artifice of the speaker, Richard Stamhurst of Corduff, a clandestine session was managed, in which a few only were present who were known to be favourable to the reform; that the others, on discovering the cheat next day, vehemently protested, and were not pacified until they had received a solemn assurance that the enactments would never be enforced.† That Elizabeth's Irish advisers were capable of such a manœuvre, no man can doubt; that they really contrived it is exceedingly probable, both from the prevalence of the tradition even in her own reign, and from its being confidently cited before James I. by the Irish delegates‡ as a plea against his persecution, as well as from there having been no attempt in either of her subsequent Parliaments either to pass new penal statutes, or to exact the oath of supremacy from the members.

In one point alone do the statutes of 1560 appear to have been invariably executed; that is, in the prohibition of public Catholic worship wherever and whenever the government believed it safe to enforce such a prohibition.§ This was within their power; for it is far easier to destroy than to build up. The parish churches|| in the towns and in the country of the pale were gradually closed. As in the reign of Edward VI.,

* The Parliament was held on the 12th of January, according to *Liber Hiberniæ*, vol. ii. part 6, p. 10; but on the 11th of that month, according to the record above referred to (*Tracts relating to Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 135); it was prorogued to February 1st, and dissolved on same day.

† See some of the authorities for this tradition, cited in O'Connell's *Memoir of Ireland*, p. 141.

‡ *Analecta Sacra*, by David Rothe, Bishop of Ossory, p. 431. He lived near enough to the time to attest the prevalence of the tradition.

§ In the English town of Galway, however, public Mass was not suppressed until the year 1569.

|| Under the short administration of the famous Earl of Essex, Mass was allowed in chapels (*sacellis*), but never in public churches. Lombard, *Comment. de R. Hibern.* p. 413. The Anglo-Irish civic and military officers accompanied the English governors to the church-doo's; and "then run," says an English eye-witness, "like wi'd cats." Hardiman's *Jar Connaught*, p. 395.

there was no public divine service, the churches fell to ruin, and in a few years, according to the unvarying reports of lord deputies, roofless and desecrated churches saddened the eye in all quarters of the pale, even in those which had escaped the ravages of war, but not the zeal of the reformers. It was a great triumph to the Evil One to suppress the Christian sacrifice; a triumph, as an Irish preacher of the day pathetically laments, which converted many churches of God into haunts of prostitutes and robbers. When the towns of Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, &c. &c. rose at the death of Elizabeth and opened the churches for Catholic worship, such of them as had survived the decay of those dreary forty years of her reign were found to be loathsome dens of filth.*

Such is a true account of the Reformation effected by Elizabeth in her Irish dominions; and it sufficiently demonstrates the falsehood of the received Protestant account of the vote of the Irish Parliament by which it professes to have been established. Had her first Parliament really been so obsequious as is pretended, she would not have evinced so marked a repugnance to summon another.† Neither would such care have been taken to pack her second Parliament, A.D. 1569. The Catholic members in that Parliament complained that some persons had been returned to the house for places not incorporated, that in others mayors and sheriffs had returned themselves, and for others non-residents had been returned, contrary to law. After four days' warm debate, the matter was referred to the judges, who decided in favour of the Catholics on the first two points, and ruled on the third that the returning officers had subjected themselves to penalty, but that the non-residents could take their seats.‡

On a future occasion we may examine what was the conduct of the lords spiritual and temporal in that same Parliament of 1560, since it has been said of these too that they voted in favour of the Reformation.

* The writer published in Duffy's *Catholic Magazine* a manuscript account, by a contemporary, of the rising of the Catholic towns, especially Waterford, after Elizabeth's death. It gives a good key to the feelings of the Anglo-Irish during her reign. See Duffy's *Catholic Magazine* for November and December, 1848.

† Hardiman's *Statute of Kilkenny*, Introduction, p. xvi.

‡ Cox, *Hibernia Anglicana*, i. p. 329.

Reviews.

THE CHANCELLORS OF ENGLAND.

Lives of the Lord Chancellors. By John Lord Campbell. Murray.

The Chancellors and Judges of England. By Edward Foss, Esq. F.S.A., of the Inner Temple. Vols. I.-IV. (from the Conquest to 1485.) Longmans.

Life of Lord Langdale. By T. D. Hardy. Bentley.

LIVES of Lord Chancellors must be a subject of interest to Catholics, since almost all our chancellors up to the period of the Reformation were ecclesiastics; the most eminent of them archbishops, and many of the greatest of them cardinals and papal legates; and among them have been numbered not merely such splendid geniuses as Wolsey, but the illustrious martyr More, and the canonised martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury. For this very reason it is not to be expected that 'lives' of our old Catholic chancellors should be written with impartiality by Protestant authors. Moreover, the chancellors were in ancient times really prime ministers; their history is the history of the country, and to do justice to them is to do justice to their policy and to the Church. To do this—to do justice to the premier and to the primate, to the chancellor and to the cardinal archbishop of Catholic England—is too much to expect from Protestant biographers. To conceive of it being done by the Presbyterian Lord Campbell is of course purely chimerical. But prejudice and partiality are really the least of his disqualifications. It is impossible to express his unfitness for the task. For Lord Campbell to portray the characters of the Langtons and the Mortons, the Wykehams and the Waynefleetes, has really almost the aspect of an insult to those magnificent men; we are persuaded they would, if aware of it, resent it as an unpardonable indignity. We consider his book as utterly unworthy of the subject, and should not have mentioned it (as it has been some time published) except by way of contrast to the work of Mr. Foss, which is still incomplete, but which, so far as it is at present carried down, is the only one which is at all to be relied on. Its pretensions are not so high as Lord Campbell's; it does not profess to give 'lives,' but only sketches of lives: but the sketches of Mr. Foss are far more correct and interesting than the lives of his noble and learned rival; indeed, the carefulness of the one as to facts is as remarkable as the recklessness of the other. It

is really ludicrous to remark how monstrous are the mis-statements of Lord Campbell; and Mr. Foss corrects them in a caustic and sarcastic style, which renders these portions of his book particularly racy and piquant; especially as Lord Campbell's mis-statements, while having all the unscrupulousness of invention, have less ingenuity than stupidity.*

From the subjoined specimens, we conceive few Catholic readers will have any desire to read more of Lord Campbell's book than they find in that of Mr. Foss, who we hope will not fail to continue and conclude his valuable labours. At present he has only just reached the era of the Reformation. That, however, brings us to More, whose character even Protestants revere; and after him no chancellor was so morally great as to render his life very important.

Before reviewing the history of our Catholic chancellors, we will recur to Lord Campbell's book for the purpose of shewing in a striking way not only the merits of their Presbyterian biographer, but to exhibit a choice specimen of that species of misrepresentation or invention of which Protestant history is made up. Speaking of a judge named Billing (temp. Henry VI.), Mr. Foss says, in a passage which may serve as a specimen of his style as well as Lord Campbell's:

"Fuller inserts Sir F. Billing among his 'worthies;' adding, that 'he had his habitation in great state.' Unsupported by any authority, Lord Campbell, in his biography of the judge, represents him as in every respect a contemptible and worthless person. He remarks, that Fuller is silent as to his ancestors and descendants; but this omission is not uncommon with Fuller; nor is there any thing in his account of Billing to indicate, as Lord Campbell

* Writing of the reign of Henry I., Mr. Foss says: "Flambard, afterwards Bishop of Durham, is introduced into Spelman's list of Chancellors. That author refers to William of Malmesbury and Bishop Godwin, neither of whom, however, say any thing of him that will bear that interpretation. Lord Campbell, the last authority, repeats the name, but says nothing to justify its adoption;" unless the addition of the minute detail of Flambard's amazing his enemies by appearing at court "with the great seal in his hands" may be so considered. Lord Campbell, in telling the story, has copied the language of Lingard, with the slight addition of these words! If his lordship had kindly referred to the author from whom he culled this interesting incident, which has more the appearance of modern colouring than antiquarian truth, some reliance might have been placed upon his subsequent assertion, that "at all events he appears to have held the great seal till the end of this reign;" an assertion of which the audacity may be estimated, from the fact that there is no trace of his ever having held it at all.

In speaking of a chancellor of the reign of Edward II., Lord Campbell notices a grant of safe conduct to "the chancellor's poulterers," whom he had appointed to provide poultry for him and his clerks; and he draws attention to it by a prominent marginal note, "Epicurism of the Lord Chancellor." Upon this stupid and laboured levity the piquant comment of Mr. Foss is: "This is scarcely fair. Would Lord Campbell deem himself liable to this accusation for eating a pullet?"

asserts, that he is evidently ashamed of introducing such a character among his worthies. In truth, no memorial of Billing's ancestors, or of the personal history of his early years, has been found; nor does any authority exist for the supposition made by Lord Campbell, that he had been clerk of an attorney. A letter in the *Paston Correspondence* speaks of him as a Fellow of Gray's Inn; and it appears that he not merely 'contrived to be called to the bar,' as Lord Campbell insinuates, but that he was so well reputed as to be made lecturer in that society. And we must suppose that he distinguished himself in his early professional career, since he was returned by the citizens of London as their representative, and was elected recorder. If this do not raise a sufficient doubt of Lord Campbell's assertion, that his business was not of the most creditable description, we may find further proof in the *Paston Correspondence* that he had already acquired a high reputation, and that his personal position was such as to produce an intimate intercourse with the families of Paston and Lord Grey de Ruthyn. As we have never seen nor heard of Billing's treatise on the subject of the claims of the royal antagonists, which Lord Campbell quotes, but does not enable us to refer to' (we need hardly say, it never existed, and that this is a delicate but sarcastic accusation of a barefaced fabrication), "we are prevented from judging of his private aspirations or his political sentiments. Having lived from his infancy under the mild sway of an amiable monarch, we hope he was 'outrageously loyal' (as Lord Campbell calls him). We do not find, however, that the Rolls of Parliament mention his name as appearing at the bar of the House of Lords as counsel for Henry VI., leading the attorney and solicitor general" (Lord Campbell had forgotten that it is doubtful whether there was at this time any such office as that of solicitor-general!) "and on that occasion 'it was remarked that his fire had slackened much, and that he was very complimentary to the Duke of York, who was virtually master of the kingdom.' We acknowledge our ignorance of any work (except Lord Campbell's) in which the observation is recorded. On the contrary, it appears by the Rolls, that not only the judges, but the king's serjeants and attorneys (none of whom are mentioned by name), excused themselves altogether from giving any opinion on the question. It would have been more satisfactory to his readers if Lord Campbell had stated his authority for saying that on the accession of Edward IV., 'instantly Sir Thomas Billing sent in his adhesion; and such zeal did he express in favour of the new dynasty, that his patent of king's serjeant was renewed, and he became principal law-adviser to Edward IV.' We might then, perhaps, have comprehended why his lordship designates him as 'this unprincipled adventurer;' though Coke speaks of him 'as among other excellent men who flourished at the time.' But it does seem unjust" (and absurd) "to single out Serjeant Billing from his brethren with such harsh terms, when the only evidence of his 'turning' is, that he did exactly what not only the serjeants, but every one of the judges except Fortescue, very naturally and very properly did on the change of dynasty—he re-

tained his legal position in the courts of law. In the very first parliament of Edward IV., we find that besides Billing, the famous Littleton and Laken, serjeants in precisely the same position, were nominated by Parliament as referees in a case between the Bishop of Winchester and his tenants; but the Rolls do not supply us with any authority for the very improbable fact which Lord Campbell introduces, that 'Serjeant Billing assisted in framing the acts by which Sir John Fortescue and the principal Lancastrians, his patrons, were attainted;' or that he 'took an active part in the subsequent measures of hostility against King Henry and Queen Margaret.' We have no materials which would justify us in ascribing to Billing the private suggestions of which Lord Campbell makes him the author, or in judging of the correctness of the motives assigned for his elevation to the bench. Neither can we find any evidence of his presumed dissatisfaction with the office of puisne judge, nor of his resolution that 'mere scruples of conscience should not hold him back from the woolsack.' Discarding every thing but the simple fact, it is enough to say, that on August 9, 1464, he was added to the three judges of whom the court of King's Bench then consisted. Lord Campbell, quoting from Baker's *Chronicle* and Hale's *Pleas of the Crown*, mentions Billing as the judge who tried one Walter Walker for saying that he would make his son 'heir to the Crown,' meaning his inn so called; and gives the judge's ruling on the case, with the conviction and execution of the unfortunate prisoner. It is curious, however, that his lordship, when citing Sir N. Throgmorton's address to Lord Chief-Justice Bromley, omits the chief-justice's answer, referring to this very case, by which it appears that Markham was the judge, and that an acquittal was the consequence of his honest ruling. But if this omission is curious, what will our readers think when it turns out that neither Baker nor Hale state the case as occurring in Billing's time; and further, that Stow gives the time of the trial (March 12, 1460) four years before Billing was on the bench! Billing was selected for Markham's successor as chief-justice, and received his patent January 1468-9. The trial and conviction of Sir Thomas Burdet, for wishing a favourite buck of his (which the king had killed in hunting) 'horns and all, was in the king's belly,' is said by Lord Campbell to have taken place before Chief-Justice Billing in the very next term after his appointment, and that a rumour was propagated that the late virtuous chief-justice had been displaced because he had refused to concur in it. We cannot discover whence Lord Campbell has extracted the ruling of Billing in this or Walker's case, which he has printed as quotations; but we are surprised that with his lordship's known experience and great knowledge, he was not aware that Burdet's case had been lately referred to in Westminster Hall; and that the record of his attainder was searched for and found in the *Baga de Secretis*; and that this labour might have been spared by looking into Cooke's reports, where the proceedings against him are published. The result of all would have proved that the whole story of the buck and the belly was a figment; and that the charge against

Burdet was for conspiring to kill the king and the prince, by foretelling the speedy death of both, and scattering papers containing the prophecy among the people. By the record it appears also, that instead of the trial taking place in the 'very next term' after Billing became chief-justice, no part of Burdet's crime was committed before 1474; he was not tried until 1477. What, then, becomes of Lord Campbell's charge against Billing, of justifying his promotion by the renegade zeal he displayed for his new friends? What becomes of the 'rumour,' that Markham, who had retired nearly ten years before, was 'displaced for not concurring in the conviction?' Little more than two years after Billing had attained the chief judicial seat, Henry VI. was restored to the crown, which he retained for about six months, when he was again expelled by his successful rival. It is a strong proof of the seat of justice being considered exempt from the consequences of the civil strife, that on both these occasions the judges, with few exceptions, were replaced in their seats by new patents, issued immediately after each of these kings had gained the ascendancy; so that all the conjectures as to Billing's deportment, at either crisis, in which Lord Campbell indulges, must be deemed applicable, if at all, to his brethren as well as to himself; and it seems more natural to infer, from Billing's double reinstatement, that he had not made himself obnoxious to either party by 'extreme partiality' or 'outrageous loyalty.' Lord Campbell states the latter re-appointment took place 'about a twelvemonth after Edward's return in 1471;' but the patent is dated June 17, 1471, a few weeks, instead of a year, after Edward's return. Thus Lord Campbell's statements, that Billing 'found great difficulty in making his peace,' that 'he was dismissed from his office, which was allowed to remain vacant about a year,' and that 'he is supposed to have been hiding during the interval,' are at once deprived of the groundwork on which they rested. For the one good deed he did, in advising Edward IV. to pardon Sir John Fortescue, we should feel obliged for Lord Campbell's authority, with an explanation why he attributes to Billing the imposition upon Sir John of the condition to publish a retractation of his former sentiments, which he had in his previous life of Fortescue ascribed to the king himself. Sir Thomas Billing presided in his court up to the day of his death, which took place in 1481; and he was buried in Bittlesden Abbey, under a large blue marble slab, on which are the figures of the chief-justice and his lady,—he being represented in his official robes, and she in a plain dress with short waist. This slab, after the dissolution of the monasteries, was removed to the church of Weppenhams, in Northamptonshire, where it now remains."

This extract is long, but is really worth inserting at length, as an instance of the way in which Protestant histories are written. It is, however, we confess, an outrageous instance, and we cite it particularly as a specimen of the character of Lord Campbell, and an interesting illustration of

that plastic power of dealing with facts which he displayed in the case of Achilli. It is evident that these are not accidental blunders or vagaries; they are characteristic of the man; and probably no more severe or discrediting exposure was ever inflicted on any writer with more justice than in the passage we have quoted.*

The names of chancellors are not mentioned until after the Conquest. They were at first always ecclesiastics, and usually men who attained episcopal rank; but it was not then usual for them to hold the offices of bishop and chancellor together. Hence, in the list of William the Conqueror's chancellors, all are mentioned as "afterwards" bishops. So of the reigns of William II. and Henry I. One of William's chancellors, Bloet, "afterwards Bishop of Lincoln," is described by Henry of Huntingdon as mild and humble, a raiser of many, a depressor of none, the orphan's father, and the delight of his family. And Matthew Paris testifies to the beauty of his person and the sweetness and affability of his manners and conversation. One of Henry's chancellors, Gifford, "afterwards Bishop of Winchester," when nominated to that see, at the time when St. Anselm was expelled the country by the king, nobly encountered the royal wrath by refusing to be consecrated by the Archbishop of York, and had the honour of not only being deprived of his office, but banished from the kingdom. However, he had his reward in this world as well as the next for preferring the wrath of an earthly sovereign to the displeasure of Christ's Vicar and the anger of the Heavenly King; for he was a few years afterwards consecrated by St. Anselm, and held his see twenty-one years, during which he introduced the Cistercian order into England, and founded an abbey for them at Waverley, Surrey. He also erected a priory at Taunton, and was founder of the priory of St. Mary Overy, Southwark.

The King's Chancellor (*Cancellarius Regis*), says Mr. Foss, was an officer of the *Curia Regis*, an office traceable to the time of Ethelbert, the first Anglo-Saxon king who embraced Christianity. He was originally always an ecclesiastical person, and, Madox says, was in truth "the king's chief chap-

* Yet though Lord Campbell's is an extreme case, the character it exemplifies is not confined to him, but pertains to all Protestant writers; and curiously enough, his sarcastic censor and critic, Mr. Foss, falls into the very fault (though in a far less degree) he so severely exposes in his learned rival. To use his own expressions as applied to Lord Campbell, we should like his authority for the assertion (a specimen of many similar), "that Pope Paschal granted absolution to a prelate on condition of his proving his penitence by enriching the Church." We might then be better able to judge whether the "condition" were not simply one of restitution, and precisely of the same kind as Mr. Foss would apply to one of his footmen who had stolen his plate.

lain;" which looks remarkably like a confessor, and reminds one of the familiar phrase of our own time, which merely embodies an ancient tradition, as to the office of "keeper of the king's conscience."

The first really bad chancellor of whom we have any record appears to have been Ranulph (temp. Henry I.). He was a king's chaplain, but seems to have been far more of a layman than a priest, and we do not read, indeed, of his holding any benefice or bishopric. Even he, however, was a benefactor to the abbey of Reading. Roger de Wendover describes him as ready for all kinds of wickedness; and Henry of Huntingdon speaks of his impiety, oppression, and avarice. The first truly great chancellor we find mention of was Roger, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury (temp. Henry I.). He was chancellor at the beginning of the reign, and until 1103. He was appointed bishop 1102; but as he was one of those whose consecrations were in abeyance pending the contest between the king and St. Anselm, and his scruples could not be removed till that dispute was accommodated, he was not consecrated until 1107. He retained his see for thirty-two years, and at last afforded an example of the true worth of the favour of a king, for he died of grief or fatigue suffered in some piece of royal outrage and oppression. His memory was regarded with such estimation, that he is usually named with the addition of Magnus.*

The great chancellor, however, of this, and indeed of any other age, and the one whose history and name sheds most lustre upon it, is St. Thomas of Canterbury. And Fitzstephen, in his life of St. Thomas, archbishop and martyr, says, "he was remembrancer in his chancery, and when he sat to hear causes, reader of the bills and petitions," the very phraseology now employed in chancery proceedings. Our readers need hardly be reminded that St. Thomas resigned his chancellorship when elected archbishop, and that this was the first occasion of offence to the king. In the schools of London and Paris he acquired scholastic education; in those of Bologna and Auxerre a knowledge of civil and canon law; and his high abilities were at once exhibited and exercised in several important embassies. In a merely human sense, it is perfectly plain that no one ever sat in chancery with a greater diversity of knowledge or a higher degree of ability; and perhaps it would be difficult to name any holder of the great seal so well qualified for the office. It is amusing to see how even an unusually enlightened Protestant like Mr. Foss is puzzled to

* Foss, vol. i. p. 159, citing Madox's *Ex.* ch. i. p. 33; Godwin *de Præsul.* 37; Wendover, vol. ii. p. 183.

discover the explanation—to a Catholic perfectly easy and plain—of that alteration and elevation of character which took place upon St. Thomas's elevation to the episcopate. "The king had reason to consider himself deceived when Becket sent in his resignation of the chancellorship, on the pretence of his incompetence to discharge the duties of the two offices."* "As this doubt of his own powers could not have been the result of experience, inasmuch as sufficient time had not elapsed to try them, and as the two offices could not be considered incompatible" (how easily this is assumed!), "Henry might be justly indignant at a primate declining to be premier." For Mr. Foss had previously informed his readers most truly, that in those days the chancellor was virtually prime minister. How essentially secular the Protestant Church-system must be, which thus positively disables an intelligent member of that Church from perceiving any incompatibility in such offices, and prevents his seeing the monstrosity of one person assuming to exercise the entire charge of the whole spiritual and temporal interests of the nation! But above all, how utterly does it appear to disqualify a man from appreciating the awful character of the episcopal office, and from understanding the deep humility and sense of responsibility with which it ought to be assumed, and by Catholic prelates ordinarily has been assumed! Very different from St. Thomas was his successor in the chancellorship, Geoffrey Plantagenet, Henry's gay and gallant illegitimate son, who gave up his bishopric for the chancellorship, as his sainted predecessor had given up the chancellorship for the bishopric. He, at all events, understood his vocation was not spiritual; for when compelled by the Pope to elect between being ordained and abandoning the See of Lincoln (the temporalities of which he held), he chose the latter alternative. His military propensities were so overpowering, that he appears to have been almost as unsuited for the office of chancellor as bishop. A still greater contrast to St. Thomas is to be found in the celebrated Longchamps, Bishop of Ely, the first remarkable instance we have of a bishop retaining the chancellorship. Here, at least, was a man who had no distrust of his own powers, and no pretended scruples as to the incompatibility of temporal and spiritual offices; the precursor of men like Beaufort and Wolsey. Longchamps held together the offices of chancellorship, chief justiciary, and papal legate, thus uniting in his own person the whole civil and spiritual jurisdiction of the realm! What was the result? "He engrossed all the ecclesiastical patronage, and accumulated vast sums by appropriating the rents of the vacant abbeys and

* Foss, vol. i. p. 202.

bishoprics. He affected royal state, never travelled without an enormous attendance, and the churches and monasteries where he was entertained were nearly ruined. The people suffered severely from the taxes he imposed, the clergy were oppressed, the nobility disgusted, and all classes eager to rid themselves of so tyrannous a ruler.* Well, will any pious Protestant prefer such a man to St. Thomas? Will any sensible person suppose he made a better chancellor or a better bishop?

Up to, and until the end of, the reign of Edward I., which forms an era in the legal history of England (as that of Edward III. does in its ecclesiastical history), the chancellors, or keepers of the great seal, were almost exclusively ecclesiastics. And so of the Masters of the Rolls, whose office is mentioned in that reign as ancient. The preference for ecclesiastics was, however, purely politic, on account of their being the only persons possessed of the requisite qualifications in point of education; and unhappily there was no difficulty in finding plenty of them sufficiently secular in spirit, though it is to be observed that still the instances were rare of bishops holding the office of chancellor.

Throughout the greater part of the long reign of Edward III. bishops held the great seal; but while it was in the hands of the illustrious William of Wykeham, the Commons objected to the great offices of the State being held by the clergy, and he was displaced. This was after the statutes of *præmunire*; and there can be no question that the motives of the Commons in this representation were as mean and as miserable as those which dictated those celebrated statutes: motives of mere mercenary jealousy; jealousy in the one case of natives for foreigners, in the other of laymen for clerks. The ecclesiastical chancellors were, as a body, admirably qualified for the office; possessing, of course, a good acquaintance with the civil law, which some of the best equity lawyers of our own day are known to regard as the best possible teaching of equity.

However, at the end of the reign of Edward III. there were substituted for a short time lay chancellors,—the first being Thorpe, chief justice of the Common Pleas. We shall see whether the lawyer chancellors were as good as the ecclesiastical. One thing is clear,—the ecclesiastics were almost universally liberal and generous in the disposal of their wealth, and there were few of them who did not found colleges or convents or churches:† and let it be recollected, that in an

* Foss, vol. i. p. 390.

† Walter de Merton, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, was created chancellor in 1261; and in 1274 he was elected Bishop of Rochester, and thereupon resigned

age when the Church was the Church of the people, liberality to the Church was charity to the poor. The very names of William of Wykeham and William of Waynflete (who are only specimens, albeit illustrious ones, of our ecclesiastical chancellors), may suggest to us the sort of men they were. Let us take at random another instance—Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, made chancellor (temp. Edward III.) in 1335. It is true that, finding the chancellorship withdraw him from the duties of his diocese, he resigned it in less than nine months (without in the least forfeiting, by the by, the favour of his sovereign, who seems to have been far more reasonable in this respect than Henry II.); thus, after the lapse of two centuries, imitating the example and vindicating the conduct of St. Thomas. But, as we have seen, originally it was not usual to hold the episcopal office with the chancellorship; and such an instance as this rather shews the unfitness of the chancellorship for a bishop, than of a bishop for the chancellorship. Richard de Bury neglected none of the duties of his diocese, and turned all his time to account. He occupied his leisure in forming what became the largest library in Europe, which he bequeathed to Trinity College, Oxford, and was the first public library founded in that University. Mr. Foss thus describes his character: "His virtues and charity were equal to his talents and learning. He was beloved by his neighbours, with whom he lived on terms of reciprocal affection; to his clergy he was an indulgent superior; to his tenants and domestics a considerate master. He was most bountiful to the poor, distributing eight quarters of wheat every week for the relief of those around him, and never omitting in his journeys to appropriate large sums for the indigent in those places through which he passed. The memory of few names, and of none in that age, is more endeared than that of Richard de Bury. His income was so much exhausted by his liberality, that his representatives at his death found little to divide." In this last trait, we fear, little resemblance will be found either to modern bishops or chancellors. Of course, when bishops have children, it would hardly be a virtue to carry liberality to such an extent; and whether chancellors have children or not, they are sure to have prudence enough to preserve them from such an extreme.

his chancellorship. He held the see only three years, but founded Merton College at Oxford, the most ancient establishment of its kind, and incorporated by charters so wise, that they were consulted as precedents in the foundation of Peter House, the earliest existing college of the sister University.—*Foss*, vol. iii. pp. 130, 131. This is one out of innumerable instances which make this work of great interest.

But there are limits to prudence as well as to charity, and even a proper provision for children has its bounds. We believe it is some centuries since chancellors founded libraries, and many generations since bishops founded any thing but *families*. The last two primates of the State Church left each something like a million behind them; so that their representatives, unlike Richard de Bury's, found plenty "to divide,"* and their children moreover were amply provided for.

It is a remarkable fact, that the first lay chancellor (like the great Protestant chancellor Bacon) was degraded for bribery. And corruption had soon so increased in Chancery, that in the reign of Richard II. we find a complaint exhibited against the Masters (of whom, as already observed, the Master of the Rolls was one), that they were "over fatte both in bodie and purse, and over-well furred in their benefices."† The practice of bishops holding the great seal now revived; and Simon de Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, was chancellor at the outbreak of Wat Tyler's riots, in which he was brutally murdered, having resigned the chancellorship only two days before, with the vain hope of appeasing the populace, who had doubtless taken offence at some political or secular proceeding of the primate: had he never taken the great seal, he would not have lost his head. In this reign, however, the illustrious William of Wykeham again had it; and during the two years and a half for which he held it, he restored public tranquillity so effectually, that the parliament thanked the king for his good government; and could he have been induced to remain in office, it is probable (Mr. Foss says) that his wise counsels might have checked the king's intemperance, and prevented the fatal consequences that followed. We need hardly remind our readers of the foundation of Winchester School, and of New College, Oxford—the great works of this celebrated prelate. Of him, as of so many other illustrious ecclesiastics, we may well say, that it was not they who were unsuited for the chancellorship, but the chancellorship which was unworthy of them. In the reign of Henry IV., out of six chancellors all but one were not only ecclesiastics but bishops; and though this was bad for the Church, it was not deemed bad for the country, since Henry was particularly careful to comply with any representations of the Commons, especially as to the administration of justice, and none can be discovered to have been made upon this point; which is very observable, and seems to shew that since the Commons complained on this score in the reign of Edward III., the public experience had proved the superiority of ecclesiastics in the office. Certain

* See *Speculum Episcopi*.

† Mr. Hargrave's *Law Tracts*.

it is, that lawyers were now in bad odour. Thomas de Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, was in this reign chancellor for the fifth time: which appears to indicate, on the one hand, that his administration of the office was appreciated; and on the other, that he was not well satisfied with himself for undertaking it. What a contrast to St. Thomas!

This brings us to the age of Cardinal Beaufort, whose name will readily occur to our readers as one of the most illustrious holders of the great seal, and as the predecessor, and in many respects perhaps the exemplar, of Wolsey. To those who have formed their ideas of history upon Protestant authorities, or who have not disabused their minds of the mendacious and calumnious misrepresentations of Shakspeare, the great cardinal of Henry V. will be as much, or more, an object of prejudiced dislike as the great cardinal of Henry VIII.; and both will very much be associated in their minds with aversion to Catholic ecclesiastics in general, and to cardinals in particular. But though very likely Beaufort was not scrupulously careful as to his episcopal duties, no complaint was ever made of neglect in his judicial, and none can be substantiated of misconduct in his political duties. He was unquestionably faithful to the country and the crown; and if failing in fidelity, it was rather to the Pope than to his prince, and it was the Church, not the State, that had a right to complain. Mr. Foss does this illustrious ecclesiastic no more than justice; but in a Protestant it displays a praiseworthy freedom from prejudice when he declares, that "though more attentive to his political than his episcopal duties, there is little that can affect his character as a man anxious at once to serve his sovereign and promote his country's welfare;" and he says, that the imputations against him of being a party to the Duke of Gloucester's death are not supported even by probability. The cardinal had for some years retired from court, and at the time his own dissolution was rapidly approaching, taking place in six weeks afterwards. His personal neglect of episcopal duties was only during the time he was occupied with others of greater importance, perhaps, to the country at large; and it does not at all appear that he forgot to make full provision for the management of his diocese by vicars-general. Beaufort was not a Borromeo; but taking the whole of his long episcopal career of half a century, he was not a bad bishop. The time during which he was engaged in duties not episcopal he was exerting himself for the benefit of his country (and we may observe, in passing, that these illustrious ecclesiastics constantly did the state good service by embassies of peace), and he expended vast sums in works of piety and charity:

in completing the cathedral of Winchester; in the endowment of the hospital of St. Cross; and in gifts to the poor, for whom he made abundant provision in his will. This is the man whom Shakspeare represents as dying a murderer and a maniac! No more monstrous instance could be adduced of the false traditions by which—as Sir F. Palgrave and Dr. Newman have shewn—the people of this country are duped and deluded. Cardinal Beaufort was never chancellor, having resigned the great seal before he received the hat. Some of his predecessors and successors in the chancellorship, with abilities not so striking, yet attained to higher rank. Langley, Archbishop of York, was chancellor, and afterwards cardinal (temp. Henry IV.), and resembled Beaufort, if not in ability, in liberality. He resigned all secular offices towards the close of his life to attend to his episcopal duties, and occupied himself in many magnificent and charitable works in his diocese, founding schools and enriching colleges. The successor of Beaufort was Kempe, who was Archbishop of York, chancellor, and cardinal. He was a man of such extraordinary energy and ability, that after resigning the chancellorship, he was, when past the age of seventy, entreated to resume it, and exercised the office at the time of his death, on hearing of which his sovereign said, “One of the wisest lords in this land is dead!” And he, at least, is an instance of an ecclesiastic holding these high offices irreproachably, for Mr. Foss informs us that “his character was unblemished.” His name is remembered in the University of Oxford, to the schools of which, as well as to his own college (Merton), he was a munificent benefactor. He also beautified the collegiate church of Southwell; and in 1447 founded a college of secular priests, for the celebration of divine service and the instruction of youth; the idea of which seems somewhat of an anticipation of the vocation of the Jesuits and Oratorians.

We now naturally pass to the age of Wolsey, the last in the long line of illustrious ecclesiastics who held the chancellorship. Of him we need not say much. No historian denies the ability with which he exercised the offices he held, or disputes the sincerity of his dying exclamation, “Had I but served my God as faithfully as I have served my prince!” an exclamation clearly implying a consciousness of fidelity to his sovereign and his country; and amply confirming what we contend is a summary of the history of the great seal up to this time, that the possession of it by ecclesiastics was good for the country, though bad for themselves and for the Church. Prejudiced must that man be, who, in spite of the magnificent catalogue of ecclesiastical chancellors—illustrious with such

names as Wykeham and Waynflete and Wolsey, Beaufort and Kempe and Langley,—can cherish the vulgar idea, that ecclesiastical rule is injurious to a nation. England was never better ruled than by these Premier-Primates—or rather Primate-Premiers—whose magnificent minds were equal to the overwhelming duties of prime minister, primate, papal legate, and chancellor. Truly there were giants in those days. These men were great not merely intellectually, but morally. Wealth they valued only as the means of a magnificent liberality and a large-minded charity; and colleges, churches, cathedrals, and schools are monuments of the princely and pious character of our ecclesiastical chancellors.

The successor of Wolsey in the chancellorship was, however, Sir Thomas More; and the first of our line of lay chancellors was the first of martyrs to the Papal Supremacy. What manner of man *he* was, no Catholic need be told. He was one of the few chancellors whose life and character is well known and worth knowing. More was, when a youth, in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, a splendid specimen of the old race of ecclesiastical chancellors. He had been an eminent civilian and canonist, and was primate and premier during most of the reign of Henry VII., and until his own death, which happened at the advanced age of ninety. He lived to perceive and predict the coming greatness of More, who thus described his venerable predecessor in the chancellor's chair: "He was a man of great natural wit, very well learned, and honourable in behaviour."* "He was venerable for his wisdom and virtues, and for the high character he bore. His looks begot reverence rather than fear; his conversation was easy, but serious and grave; he spoke gracefully and weightily; he was eminently skilled in the law, and had a vast understanding and a prodigious memory; and those talents with which nature had furnished him were improved by study and experience. The king depended much on his counsels, and the government seemed chiefly supported by him."†

It is to be noted that More, infinitely the most illustrious of the long series of lawyer-chancellors which commenced with him, was in early youth brought up in the house of the venerable Morton, and was the immediate successor of Wolsey. He seems to have imbibed something of the grandeur of character which belonged to these cardinal-chancellors and the age they had adorned. He was certainly very unlike his successors, not one of whom can compare with him. His immediate successor, Audley,—who was such a striking contrast

* More's *Hist. Rich.* iii.

† More's *Utopia*.

to him, and who is remembered merely on that account,—far more fairly represents them, marked as they are by selfish servility and clever mediocrity.

It is interesting to observe how the first of lay-chancellors spoke of the last of ecclesiastical. On his installation, More said of Wolsey, “When I looke upon this seate; when I thinke how great and what kind of personages have possessed this place before me; when I call to mind who he was that sate in it last of all—a man of what singular wisdom, of what notable experience; what a prosperous and favourable fortune he had for a great space, and how at the last he had a most grievous fall, and died inglorious,—I have cause enough to think dignity not so grateful to me as it may seem to others; for it is a hard matter to follow with like grace or praises a man of such admirable wit, prudence, authority, and splendour, to whom I may seem but as the lighting of a candle when the sun is down.”*

The class of men of whom such a one as More could thus speak could not but have merited eulogium and admiration; and a modern Protestant biographer thus speaks of Wolsey’s chancellorship: “We possess unquestionable evidence of the ability and general impartiality of the Cardinal’s administration in the Court of Chancery, in which he spared neither high nor low, but judged every one according to their merits and deserts. He established courts for protecting the poor against the oppression of the rich; and his ingenuity and influence were sedulously applied during his entire career in rendering the laws intelligible, simple, cheap, and respected.”†

Of the successor of More, the infamous Audley, it is enough to say, that he (with such a man as Spelman, to his shame be it recorded) sat on the commission which condemned the illustrious lawyer as a traitor for not submitting to the blasphemy of the royal supremacy. And it is the most simple, though the most severe way of describing the moral calibre of the successors of Audley, to say that they resembled him rather than More, and have upheld that blasphemy and all its hideous consequences with courtly servility, and down to our own days with crafty cruelty. This is true of them all; from Bacon to Hardwicke, from Hardwicke to Eldon, from Eldon to Cottenham and Langdale,—all have remorselessly carried out the penal policy of the royal supremacy, so long as public opinion would permit them, by proscription, and even in our

* In a letter to Erasmus, More speaks of “the Cardinal of York” (Wolsey) discharging the duties of the chancellorship so admirably, as to surpass the hopes of all.

† Iardner’s *Lives of British Statesmen*.

own times by confiscation. A new system had now sprung up ; the great seal now became the prize of the ablest practising lawyers of the day, men whose hearts were hardened by the keen pursuit of wealth in the practice of the profession, and generally depraved by the bloody training which the holding of office as crown-lawyers under the Tudors and Stuarts too often involved. Under such men Chancery became corrupted into that execrable and abominable system which for generations has been a curse, a scandal, and a shame to the country ; and to which the public hope (perhaps vainly) that a death-blow has been dealt in the Chancery Reform Act of last session. Such a system could never have been the growth of true greatness. It never could have been constructed under the auspices of men either intellectually or morally meriting the epithet of great. The popular idea, the notorious truth, as to the Court of Chancery, must be in itself a monument and epitaph for the Protestant chancellors who made it what it was.

Let all our readers remark this plain historical fact, that all this system grew up under Protestant governments and Protestant judges, and ripened into its rank luxuriance of injustice and iniquity under the fostering care of the House of Hanover. This might dispense with any further notice of the Protestant chancellors in the interval. Truly, indeed, if we wished to say much of them, it would scarcely be possible ; and if it were possible, they would not be worthy of it. For they were for the most part—almost universally—a mercenary race : narrow-minded among statesmen (even such as were counted large-minded among lawyers), insomuch that they soon ceased to be premiers, and often were not even leading ministers,—indeed, not unfrequently were the least influential members of the Cabinet. In a word, so soon as England ceased to be Catholic, her chancellors ceased to be statesmen, and sank into mere lawyers. No trace can be found of the magnificence of character which marked our ecclesiastical chancellors. The Protestant lawyer-chancellors have lived but for themselves, “to put money in their purse,” or at the utmost dispense patronage. They left no monuments behind them of a grand and princely charity. The only one among them intellectually great was morally mean ; and the name of Bacon is degraded by bribery.

The old English chancellors were remarkable for their princely charity, and spent the wealth they acquired upon the country. The modern race of chancellors spent their money only on their own families, and not only were the loss of charity themselves, but caused the loss of it in others.

Let us look how they dealt with one branch, one of the most important branches, of the jurisdiction of the laws—charity. The Court of Chancery is guardian of charity. How have Protestant chancellors dealt with charity? We have seen how Catholic chancellors practised it, and it may be conceived how they cherished it. And even for a century or so after the Reformation (as Catholicism did not die out suddenly in the land, but left some leaven in its laws), the chancellors, at all events, encouraged charity.

In the age of Bacon, parliament passed the celebrated act of Elizabeth as to gifts for charitable uses; an act (in the words of Chief-Justice Wilmot) “with such medicinal properties in it, as to heal every imperfection in a charitable donation;” and the chancellors construed it most largely and most liberally in favour of charity, and in furtherance of the liberal policy of the legislature. Such was the course taken by the Protestant chancellors of that age, who in some degree lived under those Catholic influences which continued until the Revolution. It was the course taken by Bacon, who was a giant compared with his successors, as he was—at all events morally—a dwarf compared with his predecessors. He encouraged charity, if he did not practise it.*

Lord Bacon accordingly held, in 1617, that a devise void at common law should be valid for charitable uses. A century afterwards, however, when the corrupting influences of Protestantism had perverted the judicial conscience, Lord Cowper held the contrary, observing that “the judges had carried several cases on the act of Elizabeth to very great lengths in favour of charity.”

So again, in 1714, Lord Harcourt reversed a decision of the commissioners of charitable uses, declaring a devise good “to pious purposes under the act of Elizabeth, although void as a will at common law.” The doctrine laid down by Bacon was thus reversed and repudiated by Cowper and Harcourt; so much had the national and judicial mind become deteriorated and narrowed in the interval between the reigns of Elizabeth and Anne.

In 1720 a case occurred, shewing that the chancellors decided on questions of charity rather in accordance with the coarse, selfish spirit of the laity, than with the feelings of the clergy and the more religious portion of the community. A court of law had upset a decree of the commissioners of charitable uses (in favour of charity) on some purely legal point, and the case came by appeal into the House of Lords, where Lord Harcourt presided as chancellor. The law-lords differed,

* Of course we are speaking of Protestant charities; “Popish” were proscribed.

and the bishops made a majority for reversing the judgment of the court below, and affirming that of the commissioners in favour of charity. Lord Harcourt shewed the bent and bias of his mind by citing an expression of Mr. Justice Twisden (a puritan judge), who, when pressed on behalf of a claim for a charity which he thought against law, said, "I like charity well, but will not steal leather to make poor men's shoes;" a saying the value of which depends, of course, upon its application in any particular case, but which has passed into a judicial proverb, of very easy application, by a class of judges who are more disposed to rob charities than to run any danger of countenancing stealing for their benefit. Indeed, it is a confessed fact, that since the Revolution our chancellors have become more and more hostile to charity, although their court is by theory its guardian. Alas, the very juxtaposition of the terms now appears a sarcasm! Chancery and charity! The ancient race of chancellors were magnificent examples of charity; their successors of the Elizabethan age at least encouraged it; the modern chancellors have done their best to destroy it. Catholic chancellors were rivals in charity. Protestant chancellors have been robbers of charity. They have been so upon principle, and have even passed new laws for the purpose. Lord Hardwicke carried the first law ever passed in this country against charitable gifts.

In his evidence before the committee of 1844, Sir F. Palgrave said: "Sutton's case (relative to that fine charity, the Charter-House), as reported by Coke, testifies the joy which Coke felt in overturning the technicalities by which that gift was attempted to be set aside. He considered that charitable donations were as beneficial to the commonwealth as his successors have thought them injurious. Coke's feelings and language form a singular contrast with the opinions of Lord Hardwicke,—a great judge, but one whose narrowed, nay bigoted views, have caused so much mischief to charitable uses."^{*}

Hardwicke was a fair specimen of Protestant chancellors.

^{*} In 1754 Lord Hardwicke pronounced a judgment so essentially and shamelessly unchristian, that it seems, long afterwards, his successor, Lord Eldon, was half ashamed of it. A Jew had established a fund for the propagation of Judaism; and the question was, whether the sum should go to the heir (the legacy being void), or be distributed by the court, according to the rule recognised in the reign of Queen Anne, for purposes as nearly analogous as possible. Lord Hardwicke held that the latter course should be pursued; that is, that the testator's design should be carried out as far as it could be consistently with law, and that there should not be a clean confiscation of his legacy; and on this principle the fund would be applicable for a Jewish almshouse or secular school. But this Christian chancellor said he should hold otherwise of a legacy void under the statute of superstitious uses, and confiscate it; that is to say, the Court of

The late Mr. Burge, an eminent lawyer, stated in his evidence before the Mortmain Committee of 1844, that the first cases under the act against charities came before Lord Hardwicke, who gave it a strict construction against charities, and that this construction "has been followed by all his successors;" which simple fact suffices to shew that they were all, morally speaking, little-minded, low-minded, narrow-minded men, as Sir Francis Palgrave most justly describes Hardwicke to have been. The followers of a narrow-minded man must have been narrow-minded; and a melancholy contrast do they present to the magnificent chancellors of Catholic times. The holders of the great seal in olden times felt it equally their duty, their pleasure, and their pride, to encourage charity to the utmost: modern chancellors have done their utmost to rob charity; and have not scrupled not only to pass bad laws for the purpose, but to press these laws to the strictest possible interpretation, ay and beyond it. They have even warped and altered the law, to make it work more hardly against religion and charity.

As to Lord Eldon, the most eminent chancellor since Hardwicke (as *he* was after Bacon), what need we say of him? As to Chancery, but that he was the upholder of all its abuses; or as to charity, further than that he carried out to the utmost the narrow-minded policy of his predecessors? As to the more political portion of the chancellor's functions, what need we say more than the simple fact, that Eldon was the most bigoted opponent of the emancipation of those who held the faith of William of Wykeham and William of Waynesfleete, of Langton and Morton and More, and all the other of his innumerable and illustrious Catholic predecessors in the chancellorship? Lastly, of the whole series of Protestant chancellors, we may ask, not so much in scorn as in melancholy, where are their monuments? If we asked their epitaphs, alas, we should read them in the curses of ruined suitors, sick at heart with "hope deferred," and crushed by worse than "law's delays."

The lives of Eldon and Hardwicke have been written within the last few years, forming the only important contributions to the biography of our modern chancellors. The "Life of Lord Langdale" is the life of a modern Master of the Rolls,*

Chancery would do all it could to favour a Jewish legacy, and to confiscate a Popish one. (*Da Costa v. De Pas*, Ambler's Reports.) Lord Eldon once, in adverting to this decision, tried to do away with this detestable feature in it, but with no success. (*Moggridge v. Thackwell*, 7 Vezey junior, 76.)

* The Master of the Rolls was originally only one of the clerks in chancery, and is often in old records so described, long after their appointment to their present judicial office. (Foss, vol. iv. p. 327.)

During the time of William de Barstall, who was Master in 1371, the office

of course much of the same character as a modern chancellor. The main merit of Lord Langdale—the only sign of greatness in him—was his declining the chancellorship, partly because he was convinced he should not be able to carry the reforms he saw to be required in the court. For this alone his memory deserves respect. There is little else in his history or character possessing any interest. His was the life of a hard-headed practising lawyer realising at last a great prize in the profession, with a certain stern honesty, which prevented him from clutching at the richest prize he could get. With the exception of that honesty, there is nothing in his history worthy of mention, at least by way of admiration. One could mention many things in his judicial career indicating that he zealously carried out the narrow-minded policy commenced by Hardwicke—a policy hostile to charity, and especially to “Popery;” and though he had a seat in the House of Lords for all the years he was on the bench, he never made any effort to alter the law on either subject; so doubtless he approved of it. Cases decided by Lord Langdale could be cited to shew how the Court of Chancery connives at robbery of charity, and which, without presuming to dispute that they were determined according to the modern idea of “equity,” prove that this is an idea which would have revolted the minds of our Catholic ancestors.

We must, however, here close. Our object has been attained if we have conveyed a general idea of the contrast between the character of Catholic and Protestant chancellors, and the difference of their conduct and their decisions, above all, as to charity.

The Pilgrim; or, Scenes on the Road from England to Rome.
A Poem. Burns and Lambert.

IMAGINATIVE literature is a great revealer of social secrets. The speed with which society advances prevents it frequently from knowing in what direction it has been running, until, casting its eyes back, it retraces its devious course by observing the trophies which the imagination reared from time to time beside the way. The remark applies especially to the litera-

of Keeper of the House of Converts (*Domus Conversorum*) in Chancery Lane was permanently annexed to the Mastership of the Rolls. This establishment was founded by Henry III. as an asylum for such Jews as embraced the Catholic religion. The charter grants 700 marks for their support, &c, until more largely provided for in lands and rents, and a certain place assigned them whereby they might be able to sustain themselves decently to the honour of God and the Blessed Virgin. The church of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, was assigned in 1237 as a further endowment for the house. (Foss, vol. iv. p. 328.)

ture of travel. The English have for many years been the "nation of travellers," their insular position having had apparently the effect rather of stimulating to such enterprise than of deterring from it, even at a period when neither coaches nor railroads assisted the explorer. In early as in recent times, it was as natural to record observations as to make them; and there is nothing surprising in the fact, that such records cast no trivial light upon the history of the national mind. Whether our travel be physical or mental merely, whether we wander through new countries or fight our way through new studies, what we take in will ever depend upon the habits of mind which we bring with us to the task of observation. Those habits will belong not to us merely, whatever our special opinions may be, but more or less to the spirit of the age likewise. The tone, therefore, of books of travel, in so far as it indicates the traveller's association of ideas and law of perception, will ever illustrate, though without any intention on his part, the character of his country and time.

These remarks apply yet more to poetic travel than to the more superficial narrative of the prose writer. Poetry draws from deeper wells than prose; and the imagination, like the Hermes of Greek mythology, passes in music from place to place, a herald spirit, interpreting and revealing. The prose writer commits himself to the guidance of particular faculties; whereas poetry is the voice of the whole being, united by the genial influence of a pervading imagination. The prose writer adopts also some special method of thought, logical, scientific, or historical; the poet uses all such methods at will, but discards each when it has served his purpose. The poet has more both of inward spontaneousness and of outward freedom; and the largeness of his sympathies enabling him to touch his age at more points, it is not wonderful that he interprets it more widely and deeply, though by necessity rather than design. Goldsmith, when he made the "grand tour," carried as little luggage as a pilgrim of olden time: his violin, however, instead of rosary and scallop-shell, being the companion of his way. Yet the spirit of the age was in him; and notwithstanding some descriptions of scenery rather ably executed than profoundly felt, his song was in the main of men and manners, of social institutes and political destinies. In the earlier part of this century, Nature was all in all to the poetic traveller. The scales had fallen from his eyes, and nature burst upon him with the suddenness of an apparition, and challenged his heart with the might of a revelation. This was the spirit which, in his "Descriptive Sketches," moulded the early genius of Wordsworth, which Shelley caught from him,

and which Byron learned from Shelley. Sensibilities which centuries of half-belief had frozen over began to uncongeal; and nature, which, however far beneath the world of grace, rises high above that of hollow conventionalities and dusty secularities, was sufficiently near their level to make its appeal to them. They worshipped her in her seeming infinitude with Pantheistic enthusiasm and a bewildered affection, "perplexed in the extreme;" but at least in some sense they worshipped, and the change was an advance. Nature looked down upon them from snowy peaks flashing through chasms of azure sky; Nature beckoned to them from precipices skirted by waving pine; Nature muttered beside them from dewy crags, or whispered to them where the olive-woods climbed high enough to meet the fir-forest; or in lower regions, by the Arno or the Baian waves, she spread out all her genial powers before them "like a vine-leaf in the sun."

The omen was good, not only for the poet but for his country. Better times were coming on. Old things recovered their significance. Wesley and the Evangelicals had already re-discovered a supernatural world in the authorised translation of the Bible; and from its long lethargy the national Establishment was waking up—to die. The love of antiquity, and the ecclesiastical principle, awoke also. Cathedrals were repaired; the demolition of ruins was abated; and some very vile transparencies, called painted windows, were placed over the tomb of the squire in the chancel which had been his pew from an antiquity immemorial in the village reckoning. The dust was removed from a font, which a dozen years afterwards found its way back from the transept to the porch. Now and then a desecrated chalice was remanded from the nobleman's sideboard to the sacristy. New churches were built, and were allowed at least to share with nature the supremacy of the vale.

"How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of their guardian care,
Lifting her front with *modest* grace,
To make a fair recess more fair!"*

The same great poet, nature's high-priest, could find room also for minster-towers that knew how to keep their distance, and exhorted his countrymen to

"Perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of *ornamental interest*, and *the charm*
Of pious sentiment, diffused afar,
And *human* charity, and *social* love."

"The plague had begun." The safety of torpor was over,

* Wordsworth.

and the safety of bolts and bars was drawing to an end. "Peter Plymley" had looked at an unlicensed map of the world, and informed his brethren, clerical and lay, that whatever they might think of transubstantiation, Ireland, as a matter of fact, was larger than the Isle of Man, and that a third part of the king's subjects could not much longer be deprived of the benefits of the constitution. The development of this discovery was the Emancipation Act. The resuscitation of the intellectual, imaginative, and spiritual faculties advanced also towards its development. Learned recluses aspired to unite "evangelical truth with apostolical order." The man of books promulgated the "*via media*;" the man of logic discovered that as either of the extremes was pushed out, the mid point must vary its position also. An innocent theory in favour of fasting was suddenly supplanted by a wrong-headed relinquishment of food; and it was evident that the thing was growing serious. A great teacher, whose high poetic gift is only eclipsed by still higher faculties of a harder sort, wrote that memorable line,

"Lead Thou me on."

Instructors began to inquire; and to inquire not for principles at once thoroughly High Church and the best possible security against Rome, but for *the truth*. The plague went on; and books of poetry and travel underwent the same change which theology had previously undergone. Mr. Keble had addressed our Lady as "Lily of Eden's fragrant shade;" but the circumstance escaped the observation of his evangelical admirers, who, when the *dénouement* came, gave him small thanks for administering the medicine in the milk. Mr. Faber, on the other hand, in his exquisite *Sir Lancelot*, sings in far bolder strain of her whose light lies like an illumination on every regenerate art, as well as on the christianised affections of man.

So it was also in the traveller's lore. A religious spirit gradually superseded æsthetic enthusiasm. Its expressions were at first guarded by the traditions of the "good old times." The stout-hearted Anglican traversed the whole of Europe apparently for the sole purpose of holding in perfect equipoise his scorn of Rome and of Geneva. From Dover to the extreme promontory of Calabria he met with nothing to excite his sensibilities, except the blood of St. Januarius. The African coast would suggest to him a sad remembrance of St. Cyprian and St. Augustine; and with a devout desire that the blinded *orbis terrarum* would but think with the former on the unity of the Church, and with the latter on pur-

gatory, the wanderer returned to his domestic hermitage, or to the asceticism of the "common room," more certain than ever that a Donatist position must be true Catholicity, since it includes an episcopate; and that an Establishment on which all the good things of this life are heaped, whose hands are only tied lest she do herself a mischief, and whose synodical voice is silenced only lest Babel should again break forth; that an Establishment which receives from the nation every thing except respect, and which surrenders nothing except its witness to the truth,—unites in itself all the honours of supremacy and all the merits of martyrdom. The wittiest of French satirists, assailing a still more dangerous contemporary, observes, "his philosophic lover makes the complete tour of the world, and returns having seen nothing." Such is the invariable effect not only of passion, but of preconception. Gradually, however, religious travellers began to open their eyes; new discoveries greeted them every day. Colleges in which a state, quite powerful enough to chop off the heads of all the professors, could yet not cause a single article of theology to be taught with the slightest vagueness; hospitals in which, in place of a hired nurse scolding her patient for dying so tediously, the Sister of Charity prays for one who can now be aided by prayer only; processions in commemoration of some holy deed done fifteen hundred years ago; market-places in which assembled crowds kneel down to pray that the criminal led forth to execution may receive the gift of perfect contrition; above all, churches in which that pure oblation which is offered from the rising to the setting sun, and to be remembered at which was the sole dying wish of St. Augustine's mother, ascends daily, carrying up with it the heart of humanity, and drawing down Heaven itself in benediction upon men;—these are the things now observed by the merely considerate traveller, where once nothing would have arrested his attention except scandals, in three cases out of four proceeding from misconception.

The little poem before us is at once a very beautiful and a singularly interesting illustration of this happy change. It is rich in poetic beauty, both of thought and expression; and is wholly free from the bad taste and affectation which so often neutralise the effect of even high poetry. The style is as natural as the thoughts are elevating; and feelings steeped in tenderness are unalloyed by the morbid or the fantastic. The earnestness with which they brood over objects which to the secular sense are nothing, will, of course, be a reproach in the estimate of those who "care for none of these things;" those who, infinitely captious themselves about trifles which,

whether true or false, are irrelevant to all grave considerations, can yet afford no toleration to sympathy with the humbler memorials of greatness and goodness passed from our sight. Reproach, however, from such a quarter is the truest praise. But the merit of this work is by no means exclusively poetical. It illustrates, even more perhaps than the author intended, the relations of religious truth with the whole moral and imaginative being of man.

The poem describes a pilgrimage to Rome. We have of late had pilgrimages even to Jerusalem; and the practice seems not unlikely to advance. Plato and other philosophers of the old world made pilgrimages, and recommended such to inquirers; not because they desired to worship at especial shrines, but because they knew that, if the mind be open and the faculties apprehensive, a wider horizon of truth opens out before one imprisoned no longer within the circle of home associations. The purpose of the poem is thus stated in the preface :

“ The object of this little work is to describe the progress of conviction and conversion, and then the gradual reception of Catholic habits and teaching in the mind of a Protestant; and though an individual Pilgrim is described, in order that this mental progress should be more intelligible, yet all individual resemblances have been carefully avoided. The state of mind which is described must indeed appear fictitious to any who have not experienced the incapacity of Reason, unaided by Faith, to see its own inconsistencies; and yet in this respect the greatest fidelity has been observed. Among the many obstacles to conversion, those are here selected which arise from the apparent contradiction between the social duties and the convictions of religious truth.”

The first section of the poem, entitled “ Anglicanism,” introduces us thus to the Pilgrim :

“ The sun declined above a glittering bay,
Upon whose shore Augustin rear'd the cross,
Below the Roman towers of Richborough. Now
The yellow radiance pierced a glade of elms,
And cast their shadows over moss-grown roofs
And narrow gables, once monastic barns :
Now other hands within those granaries
Heap'd the full wheat-sheaves : other herdsmen drove
At milking-time the spotted kine across
The knee-deep pastures from the shady grove
Where they had stood for coolness. With their songs
The birds were busy, and the bees were loud
Upon the violets; and amid their charm
Voices were heard, as if an elder spoke,
A younger answer'd.

* * * * *

The young may feel the happiness of spring,
Which wakes to life thy woods and flowery fields,
My country ; and thy harvests ripen still,

As when the blessing of Augustin fell
On sunny Thanet. But a change has pass'd
Upon the land; Augustin's faith is gone.

* * * * *

Tell not me

Of England's ancient minsters, and her sees
Fill'd with unbroken Apostolic line.
If they are so, why not with Christendom
Share one communion? Either those or these
Must from the faith dissent. Do altars stand
Within those minsters? Is the Sacrifice
Still daily made? or do a few poor souls
Offer disjointed worship, fragments torn
From the full ritual of holy Church?
Witness the goodly fane Saint Oswald built
Upon the banks of Severn, where we kept
The festival of the Nativity.
Many there were who hail'd the blessed time
In kindly feastings: not a hearth but blazed
More brightly for those 'tidings of great joy.'
Alas, I said, for thee, my native Church,
My mother, who baptised me, that no joy
Sounds in thy courts: the desolate long aisles,
Fill'd by no gay procession; one by one
Thy priests steal silently along, as though
Seeking for something long departed thence.
That anthem is not for the festival;
With strange indifference to times, it speaks
The Prophet's Lamentation. Captive now,
The Church seems mourning as by Babel's streams.
'Oh, is it nought to you,' she fondly cries,
'To you who pass in thoughtless triumph by,
That Zion's highways mourn?'
* * * * *

Is any grief

Like unto mine?' A poet might have thought
Our Mother lay upon her dying bed,
And call'd her children with a falt'ring voice,
Swanlike, most musical."

A stranger by the lady's side exhorts the mourner to rise from the phantom-world, and enter the region of true joys and ennobling sorrows; that region of which the poet might well have said, with more truth than of the fabled Elysium,

"Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains;"

that region, the joy of which is the presence of the Spirit and of the Incarnate Lord, and in which mourning is for sin, for the loss of souls, and for the despise done to Christ and His Cross. As well might a man put on mourning because the English language has no second-aorist tense, or sit in sackcloth because the digamma is lost, as nurse a lamentation that rubrics and processions are not as Augustin left them, if he does not hold the faith which Augustin held. If ever the Church of England should hold that faith which was held by the

founder of Anglo-Saxon Christianity concerning the Sacrifice of the Mass, the veneration of the Saints, confession and penance, the unity of the Church, and the Papal Supremacy,—rubric and ritual will revive of themselves; and in answer to the question, “Can these dead bones live?” the old monasteries will, as in a moment, re-clothe themselves with the glory of their old marbles, and send forth the voice of thanksgiving. But if those doctrines and practices continue to be denounced as “blasphemous fables,” “fond imaginations,” idolatrous if not idolatry, “soul-destroying errors,” and “monstrous aggressions,” what could be gained by making fair the outside of the platter? Such aspirations, cherished by those who alternate with them a complaint that even the doctrine of ‘one baptism for the remission of sins’ is no longer authoritatively witnessed to, and that the authority of the whole creed is therefore superseded, indicate that unreal state of mind in which we may indeed have religious opinions and feelings, but in which we have not faith.

The passage we have quoted furnishes a clue to much in the sequel of the poem. A superficial reader might often say, “Here is a person professing to inquire into the truth of Catholicism, and yet at heart a Roman Catholic from the beginning of her pilgrimage to the end.” Many are, indeed, Catholics without knowing it; just as many who profess to be Catholics are yet such in name alone. It is thus, also, that one who inquires, with right dispositions, into the truth of Christianity is already half a Christian at heart and in will. The Pilgrim is a Catholic in her impressions and aspirations, from the moment she leaves the English shore, and the spell of nationalism is broken. But she has not faith; and the interest of the poem is derived from the skill with which it traces the transition of opinion into faith. Faith advances over the soul, as spring over the world; quickening its growth, softening what was crude, and hardening what was too weak to bear fruit. The previous love of the Pilgrim for the “Mother Church,” whom no art and no invocation could make a mother, probably in the long-run directed the inquirer to the true Mother of souls, because it was sound in its character, so far as it could be while directed to a false object. There are those who love their Church because they believe it to be part of the Universal Church. There are others who love the Universal Church because that venerable name gives more of historical dignity to their own. The Body of Christ has a place in the genealogical table of a national Establishment; and as such they revere what they would otherwise reject as mysticism. The latter affection is based ultimately

on self; its tendency, therefore, is to isolate. The other is an expansive affection, enlarging the heart, and scattering seeds which must needs burst any narrow confine in which they chance to be dropped. Above all, it is an affection which has courage: it can take faith as its guide, and find its way to its home.

In the absence of that clear light which faith bestows, the Pilgrim remains long tossed on 'the troubled sea of doubt. She has human enthrallments, and inaction seems the safer course.

“ Reason bids me go ;
A thousand duties urge me to remain.
Shall I, when wiser stay content, forsake
All whom I love, and all whom I obey,
For an opinion? None have bid me go ;
None have invited me to come. Shall I
Leave all the charities of home, and worst,
The fellowship of prayer from childhood sweet,
To cast my lot with strangers?”

After a weary struggle, she comes at last to a resolution. The festival of the Conversion of St. Paul comes round :

“ The lesson struck
Full on the heart of that afflicted one ;
And she at length resisted not the grace.
Then, like a wreath of vapours in the sun,
The dreams and phantoms of so many years
Vanish'd at once. Then prostrate and alone,
She vow'd (but not as yet in simple trust,
For sophistry was strong,) she would obey
Each indication of God's providence ;
And, should all fail, submit to holy Church
Before the Feast of the Nativity.”

Forth, then, the Pilgrim fares on her way to the threshold of the Apostles :

“ Not beneath russet frock and hooded cloak,
But in the deep disguise of common life.
* * * * *
And now within the silence of her heart
She inly smiled, for of the sophistries
Long-whisper'd round her, wiliest far was one
That England yet had priests, and that in schism
The Roman altar stood upon her shores.”

She crosses the Channel, and is delivered from this nightmare. The Church in which she finds herself is at last, even on Tractarian principles, the Church of the country, though it acknowledges the supremacy of the Pope ; and allegiance to it is therefore the simple duty of all whom she sees. She joins in their worship, being already a firm believer in the Real Presence, and consequently not reluctant to worship a

present God. But she cannot again imagine that a belief and practices to which a man is bound at one side of the water can be false or schismatical at the other. Ecclesiastical ties, she perceives, must be universal in their nature, like domestic ties, since they belong to our complete humanity; and therefore cannot, like political relations, find a centre in national governments, or derive their sanction from the state. In a word, she discovers, what after the lapse of three centuries so many have not learned, viz. that geography and theology are distinct sciences; and henceforth she feels free to revere and love whatever claims those affections.

She travels through Belgium, and visits Bruges, the chapel of Saint Sang, and the convent of the Pauvres Claires.

“ She could have knelt her down as there they stood
For absolution; but she was as one
Bound by the meshes of most intricate
And strong but silken chains of human love.”

Next she proceeds to Ghent; her description of which may be given as an instance of that very remarkable graphic power which constitutes one of the chief merits of the poem.

“ The poetry of Nature long had slept
Amid the din of words; with sweet surprise
The Pilgrim saw forgotten beauty tinge
The earth with hues as bright as those of youth.
The merchant palaces of Ghent were steep'd
In the rich sunshine of a summer day;
The deep red tiles and azure pinnacles
Glow'd brighter as the shadows grew beneath,
Ascending the tall houses; while the sun
Sunk glorious, and the full uprising moon
Cast silver lights, 'twixt shades of ebony,
On the rich Gothic buttresses and towers.
One convent roof there was, whence lawless might
Had driven the poor Dominicans: its length
Sloped darkly downwards, and above it rose
Their lofty church with all its battlements;
The moon behind, within her yellow sky,
Cast her tall image on the smooth canal,
Loaded with merchant ships, where lay confused,
Lights dancing from the windows, masts and roofs
Commingle in a depth of solid hues,
Shed rarely on this work-day world from Heaven.”

The next shrine at which the Pilgrim offers vows for herself, her country, and all who are dear to her, is at Antwerp. Its cathedral is not lost on her. The great picture of the Crucifixion makes a double appeal, pleading at once for the faith and worship in which it finds a congenial place, and for those old friends who had taught her in early days to love it. Such human feelings can never be destroyed so long as the religious

sense remains; but their influence must ever be determined in one direction or the other, according as things human or divine preponderate in the heart and as we live for this world or the next. There is a love which shrinks from giving pain to our friends, a love not unconnected with self-love. There is also a love which shrinks from defrauding them of aught that might contribute to their spiritual weal, and this is to love them in God. Such is the love to which the Pilgrim attains; and a temptation is instantly transformed into a protection.

“ She thought she could have died for those she loved,
So she might bring them there to worship thus;
But she look'd round upon the Church: she saw
All that the earth holds precious, marbles, gold,
All that man's art can offer; sculpture carved
To utter all devotion; paintings, dyed
All hues, embodying histories divine;
Chapels instinct with worship; and o'er all
The Crucifix supreme.

* * * * *

The meanest found a place; the bare-foot child
Knelt fearlessly upon the altar-step;
The market-woman laid her basket down,
To kneel awhile upon the marble floor
With the rough waggoner; the aged sire
Touches his children with a finger dipt
In holy water, and the husband gives
The blessed token to his wife.”

She proceeds next to the church of St. Paul's.

“ There, strange yet peaceful, was a Calvary:
Upon the Virgin's knees the Saviour lay;
Beside the Sepulchre the Maries wept;
Saints and Apostles stood in marble round,
Life-like in size and form, but white and cold:
An aged man among them sat, and smiled;
For she was awe-struck at the images
Of those who were to her as heavenly dreams,
Too shadowy to have a form defined,
Too distant to be loved with all the heart.”

Our Pilgrim has here escaped a common snare. Prejudice is generally more successful in forestalling healthful impressions than in answering arguments. Who, for instance, can calculate the amount of injury done by that sophism of the imagination which brands as “theatrical” those touching ceremonies which the great Mother of our civilisation, as well as of our faith, had practised for a thousand years before the theatre which plagiarised from her was heard of? If a procession is scandalous, how can a cathedral be lawful? If the beautiful and expressive in movement be prohibited, how can it be edifying in the motionless marble of aisles and suspended arches, or in the sequence of sweet sounds? Is it, or is it

not, among the offices of religion to stamp with the seal of Christ whatever this earth holds of fairest and most precious, and to consecrate to Him and His our imagination, as well as every other faculty? It is hard to understand how any one except a Puritan (who is not inconsistent, except so far as he admits of splendour in secular matters) can fail to recognise, intellectually at least, the application of so simple and deep-rooted a principle—that principle which from the beginning of the world has made the religious instinct the tutelary genius of the humanities, dedicating to God the first-fruits of all labour, and uplifting on high the type of all terrestrial magnificence. Yet it may well be conceded that for too many among the upper classes the moral influence of religious ceremonial is not a little diminished by the associations with which, in an age of glitter and pride, they are apt to connect all grandeur except that of nature. In this respect, as in so many others, the habits of the poor give them a great advantage over the rich, enabling them to discern immediately, and as through an atmosphere of perfect clearness, the symbolic meaning of outward forms. Sense was intended to be a language revealing the unseen; and for the simple that language has neither been broken up into dialects nor sophisticated by double meanings. As for those in a more vitiated state, they ought surely to think twice before they decide on abolishing the form, rather than supplying the spirit and the meaning that support it. A face wasted by sickness falls into wrinkles; but to fill them out again by means of good diet and healthy exercise is generally thought better than to cut them off. Less intelligible still is the prejudice which, though it recognises the office of art in the sphere of religion, shrinks back in an excess of pious susceptibility from pictures coarsely painted, and figures bedizened with muslin and gold. Whatever appeals to the heart of the masses and helps them to realise sacred things, must do them good, whether or not it suit the fastidious imagination of one who yet sees no solecism in hanging up a crucifixion of Francia's in his dining-room, between the poultry-picture of some Dutch master and the market Venus of an academical student. Who would object to the portrait of a departed parent fastened to a cottage-wall because it was a daub? If the poor have bad taste (which is by no means proved by its being rude, large, and easily pleased), we should endeavour to elevate it. But to look down upon works of art in their religious bearings, because they are tawdry, is as perverse as to admit that miracles are likely to remain ever in the Church, and yet to denounce this miracle or that merely on account of its bad taste.

The Pilgrim travels onward through Mechlin, Liège, Aix, and Cologne. She witnesses festivals in honour of various patron saints, and calls to mind that when England celebrated such, she was less assiduous than now in the service of Plutus, and that the working man had not only more time for relaxation, but also more "leisure to be wise." She meets, however, scandals as well as edification. Myrtles and oranges in a church, and the terrible announcement of "indulgence plenary" startle her a little; but she has the grace to think that her ignorance, as well as her coldness, are as likely to be at fault as the judgment of the Church. At Aix-la-Chapelle a fair is going on, and the booths are allowed to lean irreverently for support against the cathedral of Charlemagne. A precious relic is held up; yet it excites the reverence only of those who stand near. The Pilgrim, however, has not yet learned to be "*plus catholique que le Pape*," and is not touchy on the subject. At Cologne she sees the giant minster, after ages of sleep, lifting on high its cliff-like walls and forest of pinnacles, according to the original plan lately discovered; and she thinks of the permanence and perpetual advance of that one Institute which sleeps but to wake, like a giant refreshed from sleep.

The Pilgrim pursues her way toward the Alps, taking the Rhine for her guide; and the cliffs, old towers, and minster-spires which lean above that "father of streams" are vividly and faithfully mirrored in her song. She turns from the old feudal keeps to read a page more plain than any antiquarian lore:

"Half hid in foliage, the huge Crucifix,
The emblems of the Passion, and the wounds
Familiar to the peasant."

She passes the Drachenfels, and is not sufficiently enlightened to approve of the metamorphosis of the "desecrated Nonnenvert." The impregnable Ehrenbretzstein has less attractions for her than the old cathedral of Mayence, the statues of the prince-bishops ranged along the nave, and especially that

"Of Boniface, who erst from England went,
Moved by the mighty love of souls, to gain
The natives of these woods; 'Alas!' she cried,
'If such his love for strangers, what if now
He doth behold his country!'"

She passes the old minsters of Spire and Worms, the mountain boundaries of the azure Vosges, and the forest heights of Odenwald, and visits Heidelberg with its lordly ruins; but she does not derive much comfort from Protestantism on

its native soil, where, unadorned by the spoil of old Catholic usages, it has been allowed to run its course, and now

“Sits within the naked walls, beneath
A meagre pulpit in an empty nave:
Most chilling comfort to a heart bereaved!”

The touch of reality chilled the Pilgrim, because she was not used to it. When the ascetics of the sixteenth century went to feast with kings, but commanded their church to fast from chant and ritual, the most conservative and the most respectable of the separated bodies accommodated herself to the exigencies of a time in which, though the nobles liked Church plunder, the people for the most part loved the ancient faith. It carried off, therefore, many Catholic usages under a fence of apologetic rubrics and a strong guard of protesting articles. By a transubstantiation sad and strange, the external appearances were allowed to maintain themselves with little change, while the substance of Church and ritual alike was metamorphosed from the ecclesiastical to the national, from the transmitted to the discovered, from the divine to the human; thus putting on mortality and clothing itself with corruption. The throne, not the see of Peter, became the visible centre of the Church; and the congregational principle, not the unbloody sacrifice, became the centre of united worship. Equivocal phrases, however, remained, as though equivocation were “comprehension;” and the Pilgrim was one of those whose devout imagination had supplied a *quasi* centre for the pageantry of a worship, formal indeed in the absence of that centre. German Protestantism, on the other hand, had never pursued her whose prophetic mission she disallowed with the cry, “I will run after her and take somewhat of her.” She was sincerely and unmixedly Protestant. No sacred bond continued to unite her to the past. In her the revolt had been in the main an enthusiasm of destruction, a Mænad frenzy raging along the hills of the Church, a false ideal hardening into fanaticism. It had ascended from the populace to the rulers, not descended from the latter to the former. Like the first French revolution, the loudest of its many echoes which still shake Europe, the storm did its work completely; and in that work lies bare the history of Protestantism, which may be said to have had its day; the revolt of the nineteenth century being in Germany against the Bible, as that of the sixteenth was against the Church. It is not unnatural that in Germany, where the Pilgrim discovered the true character of Protestantism, she should also have learned by contrast to appreciate the Catholic worship. In no radiant cathedral of Italy, “a moun-

tain of gold turned into a mountain of marble," but in a German village chapel "smothered in the woods," she attends a low Mass without music, thurible, or incense-cloud, and its spirit enters into her heart.

"She whisper'd as the priest put on the alb,
'It was the garb of heavenly innocence,
Girt by the rugged cord of Purity;
The stole the yoke of Christ upon his neck.
See on his shoulders how he bears the Cross;
He offers in the person of his Lord
The sacrifice adorable,—the Mass.
Now bending at the altar's foot, he owns
Before his God and all the saints in heaven,
And before man, his own surpassing guilt.'

* * * * *

The silver bell resounded yet again :
It was not loud, and yet it thrill'd the heart,
And her brow touch'd the pavement as she bent
While there was silence. Breathless was the pause,
For on the altar now the Victim lies ;
And, raised as on the Cross by human hands,
The Sacrifice of Calvary is made.
What are the words that break the silence ? His :
The Pater Noster taught by lips divine :
And then a pause,—the Lord is present still ;
And with a cry as of the perishing,
The Agnus Dei sounds."

The Pilgrim journeys on. She sees

"Friburg's Domkirk, like a jewell'd cross,
Enchased in the Black Forest."

She passes the gorge of Hellenthal, and Bondorf's "blighted solitude," and finds herself beside the blue waters and laughing shores of Zurich. The city of Zwinglius is not able to detain her ; and ere long she is in the mountain home of Catholicism—Lucerne. There she sails beside the shores which patriotism and heroism have consecrated from age to age, themselves consecrated by religion. On one side of that lake, which extends itself in the shape of a cross, like the crystal pavement of the Alpine temple, she treads the plain on which the Deliverers of the twelfth century repulsed the Austrian invader ; on the other, that on which, seven hundred years later, the army of the French Revolution was for three successive days kept at bay by a small band of peasants, a large proportion of whom, including a hundred and twenty women, were found dead before the walls for which they had fought. The citadel of the faith is as faithfully defended there still. The Pilgrim visits the chapel of Tell, whose memory is so faithfully preserved from age to age without the aid of written records—one of the most singular instances of faithful

tradition. She visits Grutli and its three fountains, beside which the peasant-lords so lately refused to allow a monument to be erected by a munificent amateur; replying, that for centuries the Three Deliverers had found their monument in the heart of the Swiss people, and that they required no meaner shrine. She saw the

“ Insuperable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,”*

and thought of her who daily “renews her strength like an eagle;” tracked the torrents, beneficent, though an accident of the elements may cause them to spread ruin over a dale; and the valleys above valleys, where every season at once reposes, though neglect may cause malaria to haunt the meadow-border of the fertilising stream. It was not a spot on which to be reconverted to the proprieties of the “golden mean.” An Anglican friend, however, undertakes the task, assuring her that though the Roman Catholic Church abroad is not exactly in schism, it includes, notwithstanding, many things which are far from primitive, and that in the early times the popes were not princes. The Pilgrim seems to have remembered that in the early times the laity also lived, not in the pride of place, but in persecution; and that in those days it would have been thought more strange that one of the successors of the Apostles should be a nobleman with fifteen thousand a year, the creature of a minister, than that he should be a prince or an exile. She evidently believed that the outward manifestations of the Church must change as the world changes; nay that, even as to the faith, articles are not likely to be carefully defined till they have been disputed, or privileges insisted on till the need for them has arisen. Permanence, the Pilgrim insists on it, is quite consistent with progression:

“ The infant has the attributes of Heaven,—
Faith in his eyes, and truth upon his tongue;
His father’s voice, his mother’s hand to him
Is all in all: he leaves his happy home;
The heavenly sweetness passes from his brow;
He meets the world, and, as a statesman wise,
He guards the precious treasure of his faith,
Or, as a soldier, soil’d with blood and dust,
He fights for duty; is he not the same?
True, thou hast loved the Church’s youthful mien,
When she came forth from Egypt as a bride,
All radiant in espousals. Thou hast seen
Her portrait traced by saints who saw her face;
Thou seekst in vain the living counterpart.
No longer outcast in a heathen world,
She bears the queenly jewels of her state,
Mix’d with the bloody palms of martyrdom.”

* Wordsworth.

Her friend replies by asking her whether she has "read all the old authors." Her answer is more to the purpose :

"Where are the poor of Christ,
If only learned men can find the Church?"

We wish that we had room for the Pilgrim's beautiful description of the lake of the four Cantons, and the Benedictine monastery of Engelberg, the hill of angels. These, however, we must pass by, as well as her pilgrimage to Einsidlen, and advance with her into a warmer clime. She treads the marvellous *Via Mala*, and passes by Chiavenna. The following passage will give a pleasure equally cordial to those in whom it calls up Alpine recollections, and those whom it introduces for the first time to the scene it describes :

"The path
Winds with its waters down the awful vale,
Bestrewn with shatter'd rocks ; yet chestnuts spring
E'en from the clefts of their chaotic fall,
And on each jutting crag or mountain ledge
Hangs, as in air, the whiten'd Campanile.
The sun shone brightly when the Pilgrim pass'd
The deep defile of San Giacomo,
Kindling the mountain-tops ; and where the snow
Sprinkled their hoary ledges, there were hues,
Half rosy, half of gold ; the curving shades
Wrapp'd the grey vale ; amid the mighty rocks
The chestnut trunks look'd pallid in the gloom,
Yet autumn tinged their reddening boughs with gold ;
And the stream whiten'd into many a fall,
Sparkling amid the verdure."

The Italian sunshine dispels, as she descends into the holy land of the new law, our Pilgrim's remaining chillness, and ripens all her braver and nobler impulses. At Milan she passes from the shrines of St. Augustin and St. Ambrose only to kneel before that of the great modern saint, Carlo Borromeo. She ascends to the aërial roofs of the mighty Duomo ; and gazing from its marble pavement through an army of saints that seem to have dropped from heaven upon pinnacle and spire, the snowy ranges of the Alps stand between her and the far north. What wonder if the provincial popes of her native land lose something of those colossal proportions which propinquity and old associations bestow, and if she feels daily more that those who love and fear God are delivered from the fear of man ? She passes Reggio, Modena, and Bologna ; and Florence challenges her heart not less strongly by its arts than Lucerne had done by its mountain sanctuaries. Her heart has that warmth in the absence of which the imagination may be moved, but the soul receives with difficulty impressions deep enough to be permanent.

“ When she saw the mournful Pietà,
 Carved by a hand of most surpassing skill,
 And full of holy grief, she wept; and oft
 Amid the galleries she stood to gaze
 On Raphael's Mother of Fair Love; and oft
 On Heaven, as painted by Angelico,
 Fresh from his prayers.”

But the Pilgrim had another gift more precious even than that of sensibility; she had humility:

“ She loved to kneel
 On the cold floor, and when some peasant's hand
 Raised her to share the rugged bench with her,
 She felt defrauded of a suppliant's right,
 The lowest place. None there had claims like hers;
 They trembled not for country and for friends;
 She blest their happiness, and oft her eyes
 Fix'd wistfully upon the weeping soul
 Who crept to the confessional.”

The result of such dispositions could scarcely be doubtful. She had learned that there was such a thing as a Church, and she had humility, zeal, sincerity, and steadfastness of purpose. She had also, as every page of this pilgrimage proves, an eye that could see, a mind more disposed to grasp noble ideas than to cavil at trifles, and an understanding heart. Courage comes in due time; for courage comes of faith, and a slumbering faith is enkindled by love.

“ Love slowly touched her heart; she strove no more,
 And yielded to conversion's grace at last.”

She reaches Rome, and kneels before the tombs of the Apostles:

“ Tongue cannot tell, nor heart of living man
 Can ever guess the mysteries of peace,
 When o'er the head of one thus reconcil'd,
 In majesty pontifical are rais'd
 St. Peter's keys to loose and to absolve.”

We know not to whom we are indebted for this very beautiful and interesting work. Its title-page bears no name; and its author, unless very unlike the Pilgrim described, has higher objects of pursuit than poetic fame. That it is full, however, of poetic merit, the extracts which we have given prove in a manner more convincing than any critical remarks of ours could do. Those extracts have been selected less with the view of illustrating the poetic beauty of the work than its moral purpose. The design is as original as it is excellent; and a hundred passages, equally faithful in the delineation of nature and description of art, derive an interest in which de-

scriptive poetry is generally deficient from the continuity afforded to them by the connecting thread of the religious narrative. Many a future traveller may learn from this little book how to observe and how to reflect; and a deeper lesson still may be found in it by those (and how many such there are!) who, like the Pilgrim while still a prisoner in the charmed circle of Anglicanism, have already learned to adore their Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and to love His saints, and to aspire after His cross and His rest, and yet know not how to distinguish between a Church and an Establishment. Their obstacles are probably, in most cases, substantially what hers were; and it is well that such should exist. They are but the trial of faith and the test of sincerity. If no such test existed, there would be danger, in these excited times, of Catholicism becoming "the fashion," and of the camp-followers destroying the discipline of the army. "Ye are too many to conquer" is no paradox when addressed to that host whose strength is faith, and whose arms are those of the Spirit. Many a traveller among the scenes depicted in this poem will thank the Pilgrim for recalling in her "pictured page" and musical verse recollections which no one would willingly let die, and entwining them with associations higher than any which mere nature can supply. He will also look forward with deep interest to the promised second part, descriptive of Rome and its holy places.

MISS STRICKLAND'S LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. Vol. III. *Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.* By Miss Agnes Strickland. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

MISS STRICKLAND needs no introduction to any of our readers. Her reputation as a most lively and faithful biographer was sufficiently established by her *Lives of the Queens of England*; and the literary world has been long since anxiously awaiting the fulfilment of the promise given in that series, viz. that she would write the life of that "maist bonnie sovereign" Mary Stuart, as a sort of companion picture to that of her bloody rival, Elizabeth Tudor. In the present volume we have only the beginning of the execution of this promise; but if the sequel of the story be told with the same strict impartiality and in the same fascinating style as the commence-

ment, the whole will form (for us Catholics at least) a more pleasing and valuable contribution to our historical literature than even Miss Strickland herself has yet made. We need hardly say that Miss S. is no Catholic; but this only makes us welcome the more gladly these brilliant yet truthful biographical sketches, which will be greedily devoured in a thousand different quarters, where the same truths enforced by a Catholic pen would have been read with distrust, or more probably never have been read at all. But it is not merely the general fairness of Miss Strickland's narratives, and the animation of her style, which makes each new work that she issues so welcome to us; they are equally remarkable for the very diligent research which they every where exhibit into the original authorities from whence her materials are derived. She is not one of those writers, of whom there are but too many amongst us, who merely turn over the pages of former historians, select the most striking incidents, and clothe them in attractive language. She is essentially an original writer; she does not, of course, despise the labours of her predecessors, but she is far from following them blindly. She has recourse to the most ancient and authentic documents, whether existing among the private records of some noble family, in the public archives of the state, or already printed in the bulky folios of former chroniclers; and her industry has enabled her to glean many an interesting fact which has escaped the notice of those who have gone before her.

Nowhere can this diligence of inquiry, this nicely-balanced judgment, and this devoted love of historical truth, be more essentially necessary to the success of an undertaking, than it is to one who desires to write a really trustworthy account of "Mary Queen of Scots;" and, as far as we have hitherto had an opportunity of judging, Miss Strickland displays these admirable qualities quite as strikingly in the volume before us as in any of her former series. "More books have been written about Mary Stuart," says her present biographer, "than all the queens in the world put together; yet after all the literary gladiatorship that has been exercised on this subject for nearly three centuries, the point of her guilt or innocence remains undecided, and as much open to discussion as ever." And she proceeds to assign as one cause of this protracted dispute the absence, in former times, "of those documents which furnish the most interesting portion of the materials, as well as the most important."

"Every one who has tried to put one of those mathematical toys called a Chinese puzzle together, from which any of the sections, no matter how minute, are missing, has found his labour thrown away;

so has it been with the historian who has endeavoured to write a faithful life of Mary Stuart before the recovery of the lost links in the broken and tangled chain of conflicting evidences. Such productions—although among them we recognise some of the most brilliant argumentative essays in the language—are necessarily imperfect and fragmentary; for it is only now, in the fulness of time, that a succinct narrative of personal facts and characteristic traits could be arranged, containing particulars of every period of her life, from the hour of her birth to the dark closing of the tragedy in the hall of Fotheringay Castle. Mary Stuart has been styled by one of her recent French biographers the eternal ‘enigma of history,’ and ‘the most problematical of all historic personages.’ To writers who endeavour, like him, to combine the characteristics of an angel with the actions of a fiend, such she must ever be. She cannot be described by argumentative essays; she must be portrayed by facts—facts not imputed, but proven; for there is nothing enigmatical, nothing inconsistent in the Mary Stuart of reality. But where the colourings of self-interested falsehood are adopted by unreasoning credulity, prejudice, or ignorance, she appears a strange anomaly, as discrepant with herself as a dove with the ensanguined talons of a vulture; or a fair sheet of paper written with goodly sentences, in the midst of which some coarse hand has interpolated foul words of sin and shame, which bear no analogy either to the beginning or the end.”

Miss Strickland, then, undertakes to give us the real *facts* of Mary Stuart's life, and entreats us to form our estimate of her character from these facts, and not from rhetoric; and certainly a more natural, amiable, and engaging character can scarcely be conceived than that which is presented to us in the facts recorded in the present volume, which does not extend, however, beyond the first twenty years of her life. As this period does not embrace any of the more controverted events in her history, we need merely give our readers a few of the leading points in the narrative, reserving the more difficult and less pleasing task of correcting misstatements, refuting false and calumnious charges, and the like, till the appearance of the second volume, which we trust will not be long delayed.

Mary Stuart was fatherless and a queen almost as soon as she was born; and her first exercise of regal power is dated December 13, 1542, when she certainly was not more than three days old. Her hand was sought in marriage by more than one royal suitor whilst yet she lay an unconscious infant in her cradle, and those whose hands were thus proposed to her had attained a similar maturity in their nurseries at home. She had barely completed her ninth month, when she was enveloped in regal robes, and borne from her nursery sanctuary into the stately church adjacent, where Cardinal Beton

placed the crown upon her infant brow, and the sceptre in the tiny hand which could not grasp it, and girded her with the sword of state, as the representative of the warlike monarchs of Scotland; the said representative, in the present instance, never ceasing to cry for a moment during the whole ceremony. At the age of five years she was obliged to be removed from her royal palace at Stirling to a more secure place of retirement in the picturesque isle of Inchmahome, in the lake of Menteith. Whilst she was learning her lessons, or hunting butterflies, or engaged in some other sports with her juvenile companions on the shores of this peaceful lake, the articles of her marriage-settlement with the Dauphin, Francis de Valois, were being concluded by her mother and the governor and estates of Scotland; and, as a consequence of this arrangement, she was conducted in the following year, together with her tutors, nurse, governess, and pigmy maids of honour, to the palace of St. Germain in France, there to be educated with her future consort, under the immediate eye of the king and queen. At this time she was only six years old; but the royal family of France wrote word to her mother in Scotland, "that she was so wise and good for a child of her tender age, that they saw nothing they could wish altered." She astonished her French companions by the taste and skill which she displayed in all sylvan sports. Not only did she exhibit the greatest glee when she saw the dogs issue from their kennels, and all other preparations for the chase, in that noble hunting-place of the French kings, but she even "dressed her own pet falcon, cast her off and reclaimed her with her own hands." Four years later, Cardinal Lorraine sends the following pleasing account of her to her royal mother:

"The said lady, your daughter, improves and increases every day in stature, goodness, beauty, wisdom, and worth. She is so perfect and accomplished in all things, honourable and virtuous, that the like of her is not to be seen in this realm, whether noble damsel, maiden of low degree, or in middle station; and I must tell you, madam, that the king has taken such a liking for her, that he spends much of his time in chatting with her, sometimes by the hour together; and she knows as well how to entertain him with pleasant and sensible subjects of conversation as if she were a woman of five-and-twenty."

At the age of twelve or thirteen "she both spoke and understood Latin admirably well," says Brantôme; and the court of France and all the foreign ambassadors witnessed with amazement the ease and grace with which she recited to the king in the great gallery of the Louvre, in the presence of that

distinguished company, a Latin oration of her own composition. "It was really beautiful," says the same authority, "to observe her manner of speaking, whether to the high or low. There were few sciences even on which she could not converse, and she always expressed herself gracefully and well; but she delighted in poetry above every thing." Moreover, in addition to the elaborate and numerous lessons and exercises which the young Queen had to go through in ancient and modern languages, science, and accomplishments, her mind was also prematurely harassed with cares of state, in all of which she uniformly acquitted herself with the utmost discretion and judgment. It is no wonder, then, that her beauty, fine talents, and endearing manners made her the pet and idol of the glittering court of Valois, where she was known only by the caressing title of *notre petite Reinette d'Escosse*. Nevertheless, she had her troubles even in these young days, and troubles severe enough seriously to affect both her health and spirits. They arose from the tyranny of an ill-conditioned governess, of whom the kind and gentle Mary never dared to complain, until closely questioned by her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, who was alarmed at the altered appearance of his precious charge. A few years later she was emancipated from the control of governesses altogether, by her marriage with the Dauphin Francis. This engagement of their unconscious infancy was brought to its happy conclusion on Sunday, April 24, 1558, the bride being then only in her sixteenth year, and the bridegroom more than thirteen months her junior. He was delicate in health and timid in deportment, yet learned, kind, and good; and it is certain that, as he was the first, so also was he in truth the only object of Mary's affections. He reigned in her heart without a rival; and although it is scarcely possible but that she should have been conscious of his inferiority to herself, yet, like a wise and loving wife, she never betrayed this consciousness, but always treated him, both in public and private, with the utmost deference.

"She requested his presence at all her councils on the affairs of her realm, and listened with marked attention to his opinion when he spoke. It was hoped that by her judicious manner she would succeed in inspiring him with self-confidence and drawing out his mental powers, as a sunbeam animates with warmth and reflected brightness the object on which it shines."

We have said that Mary was now emancipated from the control of governesses; she continued, however, to read Latin with Buchanan, history with De Pasquien, and poetry with Ronsard, from the delight her cultivated mind took in these

pursuits. The young spouses were too happy in each other's society to desire to mix in the public gaieties of the Louvre, except at those seasons which etiquette prescribed; and, altogether, they supported their royal dignity, spite of their extreme youth, with the most edifying propriety. This wedded happiness, however, was destined to be of short duration. Henry II. died on the 10th of July, 1559, having received a mortal wound from the lance of the Count de Montgomery, broken in a friendly encounter in the lists of a grand tournament at Paris. The young Francis now succeeded to his father's thorny crown; and immediately he increased in height so rapidly, that a contemporary historian, La Popêlinere, declares that he might be almost seen to grow. There was no corresponding increase of strength, however; on the contrary, he became more and more slender, almost to attenuation; and his pale countenance indicated both an increase of weakness and of suffering. On the 15th of November in the following year, he was attacked with the illness which proved fatal to him. His faithful consort never left his side till all was over.

"This complaint was an abscess in the ear, attended with such acute inflammation in the brain, that the physicians talked of trepanning him, in the hope of relieving the agony; but he was too weak to bear the operation, even if such an experiment would have been permitted. When the last offices of the Church were administered to him by Cardinal Lorraine, the dying youth entreated 'absolution for all the wicked deeds which had been done in his name by his ministers of state;' a request which created great sensation among the noble crowd who surrounded his bed, for the officiating cardinal was his premier. Aware that the hand of death was upon him, Francis appeared to regret nothing but his separation from her who was the only true mourner among those by whom his dying-bed was surrounded. She had been the angel of his life, and with grateful fondness he lifted up his dying voice to bless her, and to bear testimony to her virtues and devoted love to him. With his last feeble accents he recommended her to his mother, 'to whom he bequeathed her,' he said, 'as a daughter; also to his brothers and sisters, whom he entreated to regard her as a sister, and always to have a care of her for his sake.' The fever and agony in his head and ear returning with redoubled violence, he became speechless, all but a soft low whispering of inarticulate words, addressed to the faithful conjugal nurse, who never stirred from his pillow till the agonising struggle closed. 'On the 5th of December, at eleven o'clock in the night,' says Throckmorton, 'he departed to God, leaving as heavy and dolorous a wife as of good right she had reason to be, who, by long watching with him during his sickness (which, from the first attack, November 15, lasted nineteen days) and by painful diligence about him, especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body, but without danger.'"

Mary's mother had died not six months before; and now the decease of her beloved husband made the deepest impression upon her young and tender heart. She caused a medal to be engraved in commemoration of her love and grief, having the following simple but quaint device, emblematical of her buried consort and herself: namely, a liquorice-plant, the stem of which is bitter, bending mournfully towards the root, with this motto, "Earth hides my sweetness." For fifteen days she allowed none but her own gentlewomen to come into her chamber, excepting the new king (Charles IX., a boy of ten years old, who was excessively fond of her), his brothers, the King of Navarre (her first cousin), the constable, and her uncles. Whilst Mary, however, was mourning in retirement, errant fame was busy in providing her with a second husband; and not mere fame only, but living diplomatists also were similarly engaged.

"At this juncture, however, her inclinations were so averse from matrimony, that it required all the influence of her uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandmother, to prevent her from burying herself in the convent at Rheims, of which her aunt, Renée of Lorraine, was the abbess. Though only eighteen, Mary was world-weary, having already received sharp lessons on the unsatisfactory nature of earthly greatness; and she shrank with natural alarm from the uncongenial lot that awaited her in her fatal vocation as the sovereign of a divided realm. She had, within the last few months, wept over a mother's broken heart and a husband's premature deathbed—both victims to the pains and penalties of royalty, under circumstances of precisely the same character as those with which she, in her youth and inexperience, was expected to struggle. Who can wonder that she was anxious to exchange the crown of thorns that awaited her for the veil of a peaceful recluse? The sacrifice, as it was called, was not permitted. She was persuaded, against her own prophetic misgivings, that a high and glorious destiny awaited her; and that it was her duty, both to God and her country, to fill the throne which had descended to her from a hundred monarchs of her line."

But although she was not allowed to indulge the wishes of her heart, and to follow the example of so many other crowned heads, princes, nobles, and innumerable saints, in voluntarily abandoning her high position and becoming the permanent inmate of a cloister, yet she remained for many weeks in the conventual seclusion which she coveted; and it was with difficulty that the persuasions of her uncles could induce her "to quit this peaceful haven, to launch her lonely bark amidst the same stormy waves which had overwhelmed that of her heart-broken mother." Mary, however, was not one who preferred a life of ease and indolence to the fulfilment of her

duties, however difficult and dangerous; and when once she was satisfied that it was her duty to take in hand the reins of government in her own country, she lost no time in proceeding to the task; not without the most bitter regrets at leaving her beloved France, and the most melancholy forebodings as to what awaited her in Scotland. Bad health and want of money detained her in France several weeks longer than she had intended; but at last the dreaded hour came, and with a grief too great for utterance, she took a silent leave of her uncles, and a numerous company of weeping friends and servants, and went on board the vessel prepared for her accommodation. She was followed by the passionate regrets of all ranks of the French people; and the general feeling on the occasion

“found a voice in the graceful stanzas of Ronsard, who thus expresses himself: ‘As a lovely mead despoiled of its flowers, as a picture deprived of its colours, as the heavens in the absence of stars, the sea of its waves, a ship of its sails, a palace of royal pomp, or a ring bereft of its precious pearl—thus will France grieve, bereft of her ornament, losing that royalty which was her flower, her colour, her beauty. . . . Ha! Scotland, I would that thou mightest wander like Delos on the face of the sea, or sink to its profoundest depths, so that the sails of thy bright queen, vainly striving to seek her realm, might suddenly turn and bear her back to her fair duchy of Touraine.’”

And here we must take our leave for the present of this very interesting biography, for it will be more convenient to consider Mary's career in Scotland as *a whole*, when the second volume has appeared; what has yet been published only gives us the commencement of the troubles which terminated so fatally. We will not conclude, however, without laying before our readers one or two extracts, that may enable them to form a true estimate of Mary's moral and religious character. We have seen that she was a wise woman and a dutiful wife; but she had also something infinitely superior to mere amiableness of temper or mere natural talent: she was a good Christian; and this enabled her to bear many a trial, and to cut many a Gordian knot by which other princes of more brilliant talent but less principle would have been hopelessly perplexed. The short but emphatic answer which she gave to one of her infatuated suitors who offered to divorce his wife in order that he might be free to marry her, was the rule of her life: “Sir, I have a soul, and I would not endanger it by breaking God's laws for all the world could offer.” There is something beautifully touching and simple also, and at the same time most powerful, in the short sentence with which she once silenced some theological controversy that was being disputed in her

presence: "I cannot reason; but I know what I ought to believe." It was this firm and undoubting faith which stood her in such good stead in the hour of her severest trial, and which enabled her from the first to look unflinchingly to the end, and be prepared for the very worst.

"I trust the wind will be so favourable," she said to the English ambassador, when she was preparing to return to her native land, "that I shall not come upon the coast of England; but if I do, then, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the queen your mistress will have me in her hands to do her will of me; and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, peradventure she may then do her pleasure and make sacrifice of me; peradventure that casualty might be better for me than to live. In this matter God's will be fulfilled."

The Christian heroism which she displayed at the moment when the dark doom which she thus anticipated actually came upon her, shews that these were no idle words of a thoughtless woman, but the inmost sentiments of her soul. After such noble passages as these, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to quote Miss Strickland's testimony on minor points of conduct; we cannot refrain, however, from quoting the following:

"In refinement of manners, at least, she was much in advance of the princesses of that era. There are no traits of personal vanity recorded of her; no instances of foolish coquetry with foreign princes or their envoys; no demands of compliments, nor conceited comparison of herself with the Queen of England, although youth and beauty were both on her side. As for oaths, and profane and vulgar expletives, in mirth or anger, such as were familiar as household words with the mighty Elizabeth, nothing of the kind has ever been chronicled as defiling the lips of Mary Stuart."

THE LAST STRUGGLES OF DISRAELI.

The Tablet and Telegraph, Dec. 25, 1852.

For the second time during the last half-century, genius had triumphed in the theatre of politics; the essayist had risen to the statesman, and stood in the first place on the floor of the House of Commons, opposed by all the talent of the age. The fate of Canning was now to be that of Disraeli: each had risen, and both were doomed to fall, by the superiority of his genius—that fatal gift which seems ever to isolate, to estrange, and to destroy its possessor. Of each it might be said,

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Each was first victor and then victim by virtue of this perilous endowment; and of each it might be written,

"'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low."

By a curious coincidence Disraeli had visited a signal retribution upon those who had deserted and persecuted Canning from jealousy and envy of his surpassing gifts; and now he who had been the avenger was in his turn to be the sufferer. He had "achieved greatness," as Canning had done, by *genius* alone. Without connexion, influence, or family, he had wrested the leadership of one great party from the hands of an illustrious and sagacious statesman, and had for ten years denounced the organised hypocrisy of the other. He had won the prize of his high aims, and by his "vaulting ambition" had reached a proud pre-eminence. But he had won it only to commence, like Canning, a hopeless struggle with relentless opponents. *Every single statesman of either party* was arrayed against him;—there they sat, cold, keen, and stern, waiting for their time. And now their time was come. They had forced him—him, untried and utterly inexperienced as he was, holding the high office which had tasked the talents of Pitt and Peel—they had forced him to a premature exposition of his policy, and then they had united their utmost abilities to dissect and to defeat it; to discover fallacies and detect flaws; to expose, criticise, and to denounce. During a whole week they had *baited* him; night after night they had derided and ridiculed him, taunted and twitted him, scoffed and scouted him. They had scornfully bidden him "take back his budget" and "mend it," and "try again." They had done this with cruel craft, at once to torture him and secure their triumph; for he had proudly said, in that marvellous oration of nearly six hours' duration in which he had opened his policy, "I will not be a minister on sufferance;" and he had also said, in the same lofty spirit, "I will not condescend to plead for a *ministry*, but I will advocate a *policy*." They had an instinctive consciousness of the pride of genius; they wished to provoke it to the utmost, to make their victory *sure*. They knew he could only make a final reply; he had hardly one colleague to assist him even with the aid of mediocrity. There he sat, in the *loneliness of genius*, conscious that scarcely from one there could he expect that sympathy which similarity of soul inspires, and from *none* any assistance he cared to receive; with an air at once of haughty apathy and lofty abstraction, he scarcely seemed to hear, and not at all to feel. The scoffs of statesmen keen and acute, like Goulburn and Graham; the petty shafts of each light witling, or the laboured efforts of each heavy dunce;—all passed seemingly unheeded, his face bearing that cold, changeless look which in natures such as his, covers depths of smouldering emotion, like snow upon a volcano. So he sat, hour after hour, night after night, the full black eye gazing upon vacancy, his pale face veiled in apathy.

But his hour at last arrived. The fourth night was waning rapidly away—it wanted less than two hours of midnight—the exhausted energies of the House were instantly awakened. His rising was the signal for an eager rush for places; and as he rose, the memory of the chivalrous spirit in which he had waged the unequal warfare—the consciousness of all that he had encountered and endured—a sense of the fearful odds against which he had to contend—and admiration of the quiet courage with which he bore up so bravely, all this called forth a burst of cheers, which rarely greets an orator *before* he has spoken.

From the first, although his usual air, half-easy and half-haughty, did not desert him, they saw that feelings long restrained and painfully excited were struggling to escape and panting for expression. Nor was it difficult to imagine what those feelings were,—emotions not of mortification at his defeat, but of *scorn for his foes*. Although he so far subdued his feelings as to grapple for an hour with an argument of Graham,

with such cool collectedness and surpassing skill as secured complete success, yet ever and anon the lightning of his scorn flashed forth, playing over the heads of his enemies like casual coruscations of the electric current which preceded a fearful outburst. At length that scorn broke out in all its scathing fire upon his foes. He knew his fate, but his was not the mere energy of despair; it was not anger at being vanquished, but hatred of the hypocrisy of the victors. Indignation at the accusations that had been made against him struggled with scorn for his assailants; he retorted upon them a sarcasm which was crushing. His voice *rang out* like a trumpet: "The statesman who charges me with recklessly increasing the amount of direct taxation proposed a house-tax *larger in amount than the one I have proposed.*" Hardly heeding the cheers which broke from his now excited adherents, he proceeded in a higher key: "But is this *all*?—is this all that has been done by the statesman who charges me with proposing 'recklessly to increase the direct taxation of the country?'" These latter words were said with cutting bitterness; and the tone was electrical in which he cried out, pointing his extended hand at Sir Charles Wood and turning round to his supporters with an expression of contempt that cannot be conceived, "Why, *there is the Minister* who, with a property-tax producing its full amount, and the window-tax which brought in two millions, came down to the House of Commons and proposed to the startled assembly to double the income-tax." The hand pointed at poor Sir Charles, the look and accents of indignant reproach, like the thunders of those cheers which echoed its expression, all concurred to remind one of a fatal flood of lightning brought down upon some doomed head. But the storm had only commenced; flash succeeded flash with rapid succession. "Is this all? The most curious thing is (such a sneering tone here!), that the Minister at the first whisper of an opposition *withdrew his proposition!* What was the ground on which he made this *monstrous and enormous* proposition, which only the safety of the state could have justified? When he was *beaten, baffled, humiliated* (inexpressible the intense contemptuousness with which these words were *slowly* uttered!), he came forward and said that he thought he had sufficient revenue without resorting to it!" "Talk of *recklessness!* Why, what in the history of finance is equal to his recklessness! The future historian will not be believed, when he tells that the Minister came down one day to double the income-tax, and the next day came down and said that *he found the ways and means were ample!*" Such an *intensity* of irony had never been heard as characterised the utterance of the latter words, and the effect of these repeated appeals to the passions of the House was now tremendous. Scarcely had the thunders which this passage provoked subsided, when the indignant irony suddenly changed into tones of a deep and concentrated sarcasm. "And then he tells me, in language not very polished and scarcely parliamentary, that I do not know my business!" After a tremendous burst of cheering, breathing all the angry passion which this sarcasm inspired, there was a moment's pause; Disraeli seemed wrestling with his feelings and subduing them into a deadly calmness, as he said, looking downwards as one does who is suffering a fierce internal contest, or gathering himself up for a terrific blow: "He may have '*learnt his business!*' The House of Commons is the best judge of that; I care not to be his critic. But if he has '*learnt his business,*' he has yet to learn some other things—(raising his head, and looking full in the face of Sir Charles,—*that petulance is not sarcasm, and that insolence is not eloquence!*") The violence of the cheering which was elicited by this outburst shewed how thoroughly the bulk

of his party sympathised in and shared his vehemence of feeling, and the excitement was unprecedented. For some time Disraeli proceeded, as if exhausted by his own emotions, in a milder tone. But towards the close he broke out again in the same strain as before: "I am told to take back my budget. I was told that Mr. Pitt once withdrew his budget, and that more recently other persons have done so too. I do not aspire to the fame of Mr. Pitt;" (a pause, and then with crushing sarcasm), "but I will not *submit to the degradation of others!* No, sir, I have seen budgets withdrawn, and reproduced, and rewithdrawn; and I have seen the consequences of such a system—consequences not honourable to the Government, not advantageous to the country, not conducive to the reputation of the House. What was the consequence of a Government *existing upon sufferance?* why, that *ignoble transaction* I have described!" Amidst vehement cheering he went on in a higher tone: "When a Government cannot pass its measures, the highest principles of polity degenerate into party questions." And now he came to the close—"Yes, I know what I have to face: I have to *face a coalition.*" He said these words with look and countenance of the most scornful defiance, as he gazed on the closely serried ranks of his assailants: "The combination may be successful; but coalitions, though successful, have always found this, that *their triumphs have been brief!*" The tremendous cheers of his powerful party re-echoed his defiance—"This I know, that the people of England have never loved coalitions!" Again the cheers came down with deafening violence. Elevating his voice, Disraeli spoke in lofty tones, "I appeal from your coalition to that public opinion which rules this country, whose irresistible decrees can control the decisions of party, and without whose support the most august and most ancient institutions"—(here his voice suddenly sank into a half stern and half melancholy)—"are but *the baseless fabric of a vision!*"

It was amidst a *furor* of excitement that he sat down. He had lashed the passions of his own party into fury, and of their opponents into frenzy; and when Gladstone rose, and in tones of severe reprehension gave expression to the resentment which the sarcasms of Disraeli had aroused, the indignant cheers on one side were met by defiant cheers on the other, and their united thunders completely drowned the voice of the orator who had risen to reply. As he grew more angry, the other side grew more enraged; and it was amidst constant interruption that he succeeded in delivering his opening sentences of rebuke for the "license with which the Chancellor had spoken of public men." While he spoke, the countenance of Disraeli was a *study of scorn*—cold, passionless scorn: his head back, his countenance pallid, and settled into its usual aspect of apathy; you could scarcely see a trace of the vehement emotions with which he had just been working up the House into a torrent and tempest of excitement, which now raged and roared all around him, while he sat still and stern, as if no human passions stirred his soul. He had spoken from ten o'clock at night until one in the morning; it was amidst a terrific storm of thunder and lightning that at that hour he sat down—one of those remarkable coincidences which mark the events of great men's lives. The storm of nature raged without; the storm of human passions raged within. He alone, amidst all this crowded assembly, *seemed* to sit unmoved. It was the hour of his fate; he knew what that fate would be. He had faced his enemies; he faced them still, proudly but coldly. He seemed as though he *felt* not, as if all was passed with him; and there was something in his countenance which recalled the melancholy cadence of those concluding words of his; words which

struck with such a solemn sound upon the ear of all who heard, and which they will hereafter recal as the *knell* of human ambition—his own among the rest—“*the baseless fabric of a vision!*”

SHORT NOTICES.

Mr. Manning's long-promised *Sermon preached in the Synod of Oscott* (London, Burns and Lambert,) has at length appeared. Its title, “*Help nearest when need greatest,*” sufficiently indicates its subject; a truth which is most happily and eloquently illustrated by the story of the Gospel of the day on which it was preached,—the multiplication of the loaves and fishes; by the history of the Church in all ages, and more especially of our own branch of the Church, and in the present moment. If it is not so strikingly beautiful and touching a discourse as Father Newman's, preached before the same assembly, yet there are many deep thoughts and stirring words in it, worthy of the speaker and of the solemn occasion on which it was delivered.

We believe that there are persons still to be found in the world who, in spite of Father Persons in olden, and Mr. Maitland in modern times, look upon Fox's *Book of Martyrs* as a veritable history, and not, as the older of these critics justly described it, “the falsest volume that ever was published in any tongue.” To such persons the new edition of Mr. Andrews' *Critical and Historical Review* of the book in question (London, M. Andrews,) would be a very wholesome medicine, if they could be persuaded to take it. We think the editors would have done well, perhaps, to have omitted the first three books of the review, and begun with the fourth, where Fox's *lying* begins in good earnest. In the earlier portion of his work his gross mis-statements were mostly the fruit of his intense ignorance; it is only after the year 1000 that his history becomes a tissue of *malicious* falsehoods. Mr. Andrews' refutation both of the one and the other is complete.

A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Chichester, assigning his Reasons for leaving the Church of England, by Robert Belaney, M.A. (London, Dolman,) adds another item to the very interesting and continually increasing class of publications to which it belongs. A collection of publications of this class that have appeared during the last ten years would furnish most ample materials for a very curious chapter in some future *compitum*. Mr. Belaney, late vicar of Arlington, in Sussex, appears to have been a zealous Anglican clergyman for nine or ten years, and has now been a Catholic about six months, we believe. His Letter to his late (supposed) diocesan is written in a tone of true courtesy and Christian charity, and expounds with great clearness the motives that have persuaded him, under God's grace, to give up all his worldly means, and to submit to the Catholic Church; not with any expectation that these reasons “will prove satisfactory to his Lordship, but simply because they have been satisfactory to himself.” They are stated very plainly, but earnestly, and exhibit in a striking way the logical necessity by which ordinary High Churchmen *ought* to feel themselves bound, under existing circumstances, and consistently with their own principles, to follow his example.

Mr. Huntington, whose poem on the discovery of America we noticed in our last, has just published a work of fiction in prose, *The Forest* (Redfield, New York; London, Dolman), which is more suc-

cessful. It appears to be in some sort a continuation of one that he published some time since, and which we have not seen. It may be read, however, as an independent tale, and there are parts of it that are very interesting. With the manners of Miss de Groot and her rival, as women, we should often be disposed to quarrel; but the contrast between the firm and principled conduct of the Catholic lady and the mere purposeless, impulsive existence of the Protestant, is finely drawn, without being exaggerated. We must confess, however, to a great dislike of the principal scene in the book, the turning point of the tale, in which the hero and heroine come to a definite explanation with one another; and this is not the only passage in which we should complain of a want of sufficient delicacy. The first half of the book hangs somewhat heavily for lack of incident, whilst the last fifty pages are almost overcrowded with them. The most pleasing and successful picture is that of the pilgrimage, and every thing connected with the settlement of the Catholic Indians.

The Meditations on the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by Father C. Borgo, S. J. (London, Richardson), which we mentioned, in our last, as an appendix to Du Ponte's Meditations, have been republished in a separate form, much more convenient for general use. They are illustrated, moreover, by a very striking portrait of their saintly author.

We have seldom seen a book more clearly arranged, more ably written, and more thoroughly exhausting the subject of which it treats, than Mr. Allies' new work, *St. Peter, his Name and his Office, as set forth in Holy Scripture*. (London, Richardson and Son.) It is in some parts a translation of Father Passaglia's very learned commentary on the same subject; but it is a translation of the kind that we like best to see,—not literal, but transferring the whole *substance* of the original work into another dress, framed with a particular view to the needs of the English reader, for whose benefit it is now intended. This, of course, is a work of far greater responsibility than mere literal translation into another language; but when well done, it is proportionably more valuable; and Mr. Allies has executed his task with consummate ability. He has produced a book which is not only invaluable to the controversialist, but also will be read with interest by every body who cares to see, in a single and popular instance, how wonderfully the key of Catholic doctrine unlocks the treasures of Holy Scripture. It *ought* also to attract the attention even of ultra-Protestants; for its argument is strictly confined to what they *profess* to be their only guide—the Bible. From a book whose arguments are so close and condensed as the one before us, it is not easy to disconnect passages by way of specimen. We shall best do justice to the author by giving a sketch of the plan. It presents the whole chain of scriptural evidence for the prerogatives of St. Peter that is to be found in the New Testament, beginning from the very first mention of him in the Gospels, and going on in order through the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles. In the first chapter we have a full examination of those passages in which the *name* of Peter was first promised, then conferred and explained. The second chapter contains all the intermediate notices of St. Peter, from this first and fundamental one down to the time of our Lord's resurrection; and these are not inaptly called the *education* of St. Peter for the high post for which he was destined. Next follows the actual investiture of St. Peter with the new dignity; and then a fourth chapter is devoted to an examination of the *joint* force of those passages which have been already treated separately. In the two next chapters the

argument is pursued through the Acts of the Apostles and St. Paul's Epistles. After this, the primacy of St. Peter is insisted upon as essentially involved in the very idea of Christ's Church, of its unity; and the remaining two chapters of the work are taken up with insisting upon the nature, multiplicity, and combined force of all the proof that has been thus brought together. Not the least valuable portion of the book is a most carefully arranged table of contents and an index, by means of which the student can have no difficulty in finding whatever thread of the argument he may be in quest of; we can promise him that he will find none wanting.

We have received the *Catholic Directory and Ecclesiastical Register for 1853* (London: Jones, Richardson, Burns, &c.) In addition to its usual valuable information, it contains a very interesting memoir of the late Rev. J. Kirk, together with a striking likeness of that venerable ecclesiastic. The other contents of this useful publication, being the same as usual, are too well known to need recapitulation here.

The Metropolitan and Provincial Catholic Almanac (Booker, Dolman; London), on the contrary, is a new publication; and as far as neatness of typography and general appearance is concerned, it certainly has the advantage of its older contemporary. Its contents are, in the main, the same as those of the *Directory*; but a new feature is here introduced of a Catholic Peerage and Baronetage; as also a good deal of useful information for Catholics visiting the Holy City, &c. &c. On the other hand, we miss an important item, the hours of service in all the country missions; also the statistical summary of the number of priests, chapels, &c., which are so interesting and useful in the old *Directory*. This Almanac contains an admirable likeness of the lamented Mr. Pugin, together with a sketch of his life. If both these publications are persevered in no doubt each will improve, and the public will be the gainers.

We have been particularly struck with the *moderate* tone of the article in the recent Number of the *Prospective Review* (Chapman, London), on Uncle Tom's Cabin, which contrasts favourably with that of most other Protestant periodicals that have come across us. The article on Hartley Coleridge also is very interesting, and seems to flow from the pen of a kindred spirit. The first and last articles, on Lalor's Money and Morals, and Whewell's Lectures on Moral Philosophy, are such as one would expect in a magazine whose very title is intended "to express the desire and the attitude of *progress*," and which is professedly "devoted to a *free* theology!"

We are glad to see a second edition of Mr. Anderdon's *Lectures on the Roman Catacombs* (Burns and Lambert), containing some additional information both in the text and in the notes. It will be found a most useful and valuable manual for those who desire to gain an insight into the interesting Christian antiquities, without the trouble of personal research.

HYMN OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT THE CRADLE OF THE INFANT JESUS.

THOSE of our classical readers to whom the following mediæval hymn is new, will need no apology for its introduction here at the present